

THE
DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1826.

A RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

WHILST we are yet standing upon the threshold of time, it may not be unprofitable, ere we step into the new year, to take a view of the past—to contemplate, dispassionately and calmly, the events which have either propelled or impeded the progress of human happiness, and from thence deduce reasons for anticipating good, or prognosticating evil. At this season it is customary for the commercial man to review his accounts, that he may ascertain the progress of his affairs; and the religious man to investigate his moral conduct, that he may be made acquainted with the state of his conscience. Every individual is more or less called upon, at the approach of a new year, to look back as well as forward,—to enter, as it were, at this religious hour, into the temple of Janus; and while contemplating the future, not to forget the past. This is a duty, however, more imperatively imposed upon those who have undertaken to think for others—who give, through the instrumentality of the press, a direction to public opinion, and who either elevate or depress the hopes and fears of the people. The readers of the ‘Dublin and London’ no doubt expect something of this sort from us, and we have determined that they shall not be disappointed.

The cause of man is advancing; slowly, it is true, but still it is progressing. We are none of those visionaries who make imaginary calculations; we do not expect to see Europe regenerated in a hurry; but still we have well grounded hopes that right and truth will ultimately prevail. The influence of the press is increasing, and its light will in time consume those whom it cannot enlighten. Bad men may occasionally misdirect its energies and endeavour to circumscribe its utility, but its contact is contagious, and the nation which has once caught the generous infection is not to be cured by the

January, 1826.

potency of a royal touch. Indeed, the Holy Alliance seem to have ascertained this important fact already; brute force is now superseded by sophistry, for each and every despot has given up the ‘right divine,’ and would persuade us that they rule because it is the interest of the people to obey them. This augurs well; it is a first step towards an acknowledgment of civil equality, and whenever kings recede, the people advance.

Europe has happily experienced another year of peace; and some of the continental sovereigns have vanity enough to think that they can benefit the condition of their subjects. One royal hypocrite has evinced such a regard for a religion which he detests, that he insists on those who intend to become its teachers, to spend four years previously in attendance at a kind of Mechanic Institution, where they may learn to think like their sovereign—*contemptuously of their own religion*. Such, however, is the inconsistency of public writers who labour under religious prejudices, that this gross invasion of popular rights by the King of the Netherlands has found advocates among the popular part of the British press. That which they could not tolerate in Catholic France is quite right, when it takes place in a Protestant state. Their own creed is every where to be unrestricted, but Catholicism is entitled to no such protection. Its ministers are to be instructed in any way which a superannuated despot may dictate; and if his unfortunate subjects remonstrate against such oppression, the advocates of civil rights—the avowed enemies of arbitrary power—are to revile, condemn, and calumniate them. Their creed is to be held up as incompatible with loyalty, and the intolerants of our own country are thence led to infer that Catholics at home are unworthy of emancipation. We are no friends,

God knows, to ignorance in canonicals; but yet we would much rather see a consecrated cobbler in the pulpit than a king at the head of a seminary of education. The one is a folly which speedily corrects itself; but the other is the parent of slavery. If the Catholic priests of the Netherlands be imperfectly educated, let the people be instructed, and they will soon have learned teachers, without the erection of a philosophical college—another name for a juvenile bastille. We should be glad to hear from the 'Morning Chronicle,' on what ground it defends that in the Netherlands which it has condemned in England. Oxford and Cambridge it has held up as monopolies—as the strong holds of exploded errors. Yet the college of the Dutch king has found, in the editor of this journal, a panegyrist for his philosophical (pompous title) college! *Proh pudor*.

The fate of Greece is yet undecided, and all the elements of explosion are daily collecting in unhappy Spain. The new world, however, has played a successful game. The independence of the several states of South America may be said to be established; and while we have to deplore the existence of despotism in three quarters of the world, it is satisfactory to find universal emancipation in the fourth.

At home—the scene of our more immediate concerns—we find the past year to have teemed with important events—all, or nearly all, of which have been connected with the affairs of Ireland. Early in 1825 the Irish Catholic Association arrested the attention of the civilized world. That patriotic body was composed of nearly all the intelligence, worth, and piety of that kingdom; and presented an union of feeling produced by a sense of individual suffering. Its members, in a noble confederacy for the attainment of a public good, forgot personal differences, whilst all zealously co-operated to promote the cause of their country. For the first time, the helot of the soil recognized a saving power; and, conscious of protection, he shook off his timidity, and assumed the attitude of a freeman. Assured of justice, the

infatuated peasant became amenable to the law which hitherto he had considered his enemy; and, convinced that his political opponents could no longer injure him with impunity, he refrained from seeking revenge; whilst he hastened to support, by his mite, a body who had saved him from the effects of a brutal faction and his own folly. Thus the Association, by making known, whilst it enforced the laws, accomplished, in a few months, that which the arm of power had not been able to effect during more than half a century—namely, the tranquillity of Ireland.

At this moment, however, the legislature was hastily assembled, and an Act of Parliament almost as hastily passed to suppress the Catholic Association. Upon the burning wound thus cruelly inflicted some oil was thrown. A hope was held out to the Catholic Deputation, then in London, that there was a disposition in the Cabinet to do an act of justice and policy. Mr. O'Connell and his friends were given to understand—or at least they had reason to infer from certain circumstances—that a Bill to emancipate themselves and brethren would pass during the session. A Parliamentary Committee, in the mean time, was hearing evidence on the state of Ireland, and, amidst the mass of nonsense which was listened to and published, much important truth was elicited. The evidence of the Catholic prelates was calculated to effect important benefits, to disarm bigotry, and conciliate their opponents. Whilst this drama was proceeding, expectation was kept upon tiptoe; the confiding Catholics believed their insidious enemies to be sincere, and with a generous, though mistaken, liberality, were ready to make any sacrifices to the prejudices of Protestant ascendancy. At length the bubble burst. The Lords rejected the Bill sent up from the Commons, and the unfortunate Catholics, after being rocked to repose, awoke to the sad reality that another nick was to be added to the bundle of records which contained the number of years they had spent in slavery. There was an additional pang felt on this occasion. The prime minister, notwithstanding the conclusive evidence

which had been recently laid before him, did not refrain from adding insult to injury, by telling the Catholics that they were in the habit of splitting their allegiance—that they were so king-ridden that nothing less than *two* monarchs at the same time would serve them; and that he, for one, would not admit them to the privilege of British subjects. The heir presumptive followed on the same side. The illustrious duke took a royal road to his conclusion. Disdaining argument, he pronounced the Catholics deservedly afflicted; and, lest his highness's word was not sufficient, he invoked his God to witness, that he at least would never admit them within the pale of the constitution!

Perhaps there is a kind of negative humanity in insulting those to whom you have refused to do justice. Indignation not unfrequently begets fortitude; and anger sometimes lends a momentary strength. The Catholics, however, stood in no need of adscititious means of support. They were undoubtedly indignant, but yet they refrained from imitating the bad taste of their opponents by resorting to invective. They assembled in towns and counties, entered their protest against tenets falsely attributed to them, and came to resolutions which showed that they were neither ungrateful to their friends nor hopeless of ultimate success. In the mean time the spirit of the Association was resuscitated. A new one arose upon the ruins of the old, and whilst it supplied, in some measure, the place of its predecessor, its establishment proclaimed, in the face of Europe, that no law can be framed by the British legislature to deprive seven millions of the captive's prerogative—the right to complain. The government must now see that the Catholics have grown beyond the measure of their chains—that their degradation is incompatible with national prosperity—and that, in fact, the security of the Empire demands their speedy emancipation. Into this attitude the impolicy of the cabinet has forced them, and this attitude must acquire additional strength from every external attack. The only way now left to render it harmless is to

cut off the source which gives life, and force, and unity, to the Catholic body. Make them freemen, and the bondsmens' chain will no longer serve to link them to each other.

If the Catholics persevere, their emancipation cannot be much longer delayed. Every circumstance of the times tends to make the impolicy of their exclusion more apparent. They have shown themselves disposed to concede all that could be reasonably required, and more, certainly, than they should have surrendered, for that which was as much their right as what they already possessed. Another circumstance in their favour is, the prosperity of the nation. It is now acknowledged on all hands that rents are promptly paid, and that the Irish peasantry are in a state of, if not entire, at least bordering on, independence. They have decidedly an advantage over those of England. In their own language they have 'full and plenty;' and thus the events of the last ten months have demonstrated as true what we advanced in the two first numbers of this publication. Our predictions have been fulfilled, because we relied on facts; and in calling on the Catholics to cease applying degraded epithets to their country, such as miserable, starved, &c. we did no more than prudence and reason warranted. The prosperity of the people at this moment declares, that however numerous local grievances may be, the great, the prominent, nay, the only real evil in Ireland, was the non-emancipation of the people. To make this apparent we have taken some trouble, and we are happy to find that our labours have not been useless; many are convinced that we have had truth on our side, and many more know that we have, but yet have not courage enough to refrain from indulging in an injurious habit of insulting their country, and degrading her in the estimation of foreigners.

In conclusion, we can only recommend the Irish and English Catholics to persevere. We have already evinced that they have our good wishes, for we are fully persuaded that this question is a national and not a sectarian one.

THE MISERIES OF A GRAMMARIAN.

By the Author of 'The Hermit in London.'

DOCTOR QUALM was one of those book-worms who knew nothing of the world by which he was surrounded; passing from school to college, from the class-room to the closet or library, he had made the classics his favourite companions, and moreover prided himself on the purity of his pronunciation of the dead authors, and on his profound knowledge of his own language; to these he had devoted so much of his time, that he had neglected both his health and his appearance; not that he was like a late learned professor, so dirty, slovenly, and sometimes ragged, as to be 'to dogs a terror, and to men a shame.' On the contrary, cleanliness was an observance of this L. L. D. A. S. S.; but he cared as much about the fashions as a donkey does about the longitude. He was only desirous to be amply clad, and never varied in his mode of dress: his hat was umbrageous, as he used to call it, and of large dimensions; his cauliflower wig would keep out a hail storm, if it assailed him in the rear; his coat had skirts under which he could carry a month's provisions; his boots were ample and easy, black and all black; and, when he was not up to his elbows in business, he was up to his knees in boots; moreover, although he never troubled his clear and steady head with love or politics, he was over head and ears in wig, a thing safer than being over head and ears in love, particularly for one who has a *call*. The doctor's life was as even as his language was correct; he was virtuous and strictly well-principled, but was generally imposed upon, holding it as a maxim, that the man who fell out for fractions must be a fractious man: in the division of his time he was as regular as a clock, passing from his bed to the breakfast-table, and from it to his library, thence to the dinner-table and to bed again. In early youth he kept a pony, which had nearly a sinecure place, but he soon grew too corpulent for horse exercise, and parted with his favourite animal to his bookseller. The fatigues of study brought on a kind of daily exhaustion, which he

used to correct by the stimulus of a pot of college ale and a bottle of tawney port *per diem*; at length the port waged war against his constitution, and he laboured severely under dyspeptia and bile, so that he was (to his great annoyance) forced from his college and his library into the world. The Bath waters were prescribed for him, and he accordingly visited that fashionable place; but Bath was too dissipated a town for his moral and regular habits. He observed that the men lacked honesty, and the women were not (to use his expression) quite orthodox. He lost his money at whist, and his temper at the tea-table. Now, as it was his pride and habit to keep both, the best way he could, with true liberality and charity, he shifted his quarters to Cheltenham: here he lived alone, and, as he was of a social turn, he sighed for college and the common room, bad puns, and honest mirth; but his health got worse, and he must have the best medical advice. London, therefore, offered the only resource; there he hoped to meet with scholars and purity of speech, for the Gloucestershire and Somersetshire dialects set his teeth on edge, and he resolved to get into a respectable boarding-house, in order to unbend at dinner time, after the fatigues of morning study, without which he could not exist; he accordingly got two rooms on a first floor in a comfortable house, where there were a few boarders, and where he expected to enjoy the solace of rational conversation, in which he was well formed to bear his part; his first annoyance, however, was the female servant, whose flippancy of speech, and open warfare against grammar, stuck in the doctor's stomach, already deranged by indigestion and bile.

'*Mout* I make bold to axe?' was her first prefatory address.

'Thou murderess of plain English,' exclaimed Doctor Qualm, 'axe any thing you please, but pray do not cut up our mother tongue root and branch. I pray thee, send thy mistress, and she will let me know what she wants.'

On the appearance of Mrs. Middleditch, a citizen's widow, he entreated her to remove that nuisance, meaning the house-maid; and informed her that if she could get a decent spoken lad, he would take him as his body servant. This was agreed upon; but Mrs. Middleditch's *kakology* was a second source of misery.

'Poor *uncultivated wretch*,' said she (the doctor shivered), 'you must make great allowances for the *likes* of her' (the doctor shook his head): '*vat* she *vished* *vas* how to address you with *proper-riety*.'

'Had you said, madam, how to *dis-tress* one, she would have succeeded.'

'And, doctor, moreover to *require* (inquire) your family name and *dis-qualifications*.'

'Mercy defend us!' ejaculated the doctor.

'*Vether*,' continued Mrs. Middleditch, '*vether* you *be* a legislator, or divine, a *phisicianer*, or a practitioner in the courts of law, a *purfesser*, or a *theologician*?'

She stopped for breath: the poor doctor's was nearly stopped.

'Pray, madam, withdraw,' said he; 'I am taken suddenly ill—leave me to myself—there is my card.'

'Sir, you're a gentleman. A slight *titch* of the *spasmodics*, or hysterical *infection*; I trust nothing more, and *hopes* to see you all right *agin* at six o'clock at our dinner-table.' Here the landlady withdrew, leaving the doctor much agitated.

When returned to himself, he lamented his unlucky star, which conducted him to such a house; but resolved never to address himself to his landlady more than what was unavoidable, and to attach himself, as much as possible, as neighbour, at the dinner-table, to the best scholar, male or female, in the house. After poring over Sophocles for two hours, he heard the dinner-bell ring, and suddenly repaired to the drawing-room, where two pretty women and a spruce young man first struck his eyes; the former brought a blush in his countenance, for he loved the sex; but was out of his element in gallantry and small talk. He made an awkward bow, at which the youth laughed and looked hoaxingly at the ladies. Mrs. Middleditch now en-

tered the room with—'A small party to-day. Muster O'Dogherty dines out, and our *tother* beau is galivanting with a rich stock-broker's daughter; but pray come down to dinner; all the goodness of the soup is *ewaperating*, and the *line* of *weel* will be stone cold. Doctor, don't you *cocide* with me, that if meat is neither *ot* nor cold, its not *worth nothing*?' The doctor's features changed, he was writhing with pain—the *cociding* overturned him a little—but the two negatives making an affirmative struck him dumb. The spruce youth now flew off, with a lady under each arm, and the doctor followed—'*non passibus aquis*'—to the foot of the table, fearful of being overpowered by bad grammar at the head of it. He now had the good fortune to be placed between two belles, but one of them was a *dumb belle* to him, although loquacious and flirting beyond moderation with the youth on the other side: the other young lady took pity on the doctor, and addressed him with much volubility of speech, but with so much affectation, that the quantity far exceeded the quality of her discourse.

'A *triste, sombre* day,' said she (the doctor bowed), 'one which creates an *ennui mortel*; indeed, the whole of life in England is but *la la, bien monotonne*.'

'Madam,' said the doctor, 'I do not speak French, but should feel honoured by your amiable conversation in plain grammatical English.'

'*Quel drole de coups! quel original!*' said she, with a wink to the other flirt (behind his back).

'Fair lady,' resumed the doctor, 'I am an original; one, I believe, whom no one will copy; however, I understand and can translate French, as well as Greek and Latin; nevertheless, I only profess being a grammarian, and speaking my own language correctly.'

'A Doctor Syntax!' whispered the fopling to his neighbour. The soup was now served.

'*Vat vill* you be *helped* to?' said Mrs. Middleditch to the perturbed grammarian: '*vil* you taste the *weel*?'

This was putting a spoke in his *wheel*; the pronunciation took away all appetite, and the *line* of *weel* was no longer in his *line*.

'By-the-by,' pertly asked the male boarder, 'you spoke of the Greeks: what are they about?'

'Forming a gas company,' replied he, 'to enlighten the ignorant.'

'Charming!' exclaimed the highly-dressed *ignoramus*; 'the Turks will soon be done up; if that's the case, it must be all *dicky* with them.'

The flirting belle who had been backing the doctor now turned away from the young man, biting her lips with indignation at the ignorance of her *beau*, and countenanced the man of grammar; but this triumph was of short duration, Mrs. Middleditch discomfiting him by asking him if he *could* have some *wild fowl*.

'Vile fowl!' ejaculated the doctor.

'No, madam, the name is enough, without the substance.'

'*Vy then vidgin*,' added she, 'since you *be* so difficult to please; they are both *anonymus* terms.'

'Then, madam, allow me to decline the synonymous terms, by a simple negative.'

'*Fat* a funny man!' cried ma'am Middleditch.

Here the doctor's knife and fork fell from his hands—he had never been called a funny man before.

'You eat nothing, *vous ne mangez pas*,' said one fair neighbour.

'He's in love, he, he, he, he!' responded the other.

'Love at first sight!' exclaimed the puppy, 'but what wonder, between two flames?'

This trifling with a scholar, and a man of exquisite sensibility, was too bad, and he felt it keenly; he sighed deeply, and ventured on a sweet-bread, which finished his dinner. At dessert he was about to take some fruit, when the lady of the house offered him his choice between *Portingale* grapes, *Bergami pares*, and *Chainy* horanges: had she said China, it might have broken the thread of vulgarity; but the *chainy* was adding another link to the heavy fetters which bound the grammarian's patience. The ladies now retired, and the greatest of the flirts, as if by a redeeming quality, shook the doctor by the hand at parting. The young man, with an assumed pre-eminence, drew up to the doctor, and thus began.

'Fill your glass, sir; it's bad taste

to drink toasts; but these are a brace of *decentish articles*. We'll drink the ladies. I should like to be the husband of either of them for a little while. What say you, old gentleman? Clarissa and you are hand and glove already.'

The doctor smiled in scorn, and observed, 'Young gentleman, a little more decorum if you please: the question you put to me merits no reply; but it is a pity that these innocent young ladies should not be aware of your profligate ideas, in regard to them.'

A pause, and the fool fetched up a short cough, which was followed by 'I say'—

'I know you do.'

'I say, have you heard any thing about the Ledger?'

'What Ledger, sir? Do you do any thing so useful as to keep a ledger?'

Here the confusion fell upon the young man; he had kept a ledger, but had thrown down his quill for a sword, and was an *insect* ensign on his way to join for the first time.

He recovered—'By the Ledger, we mean the St. Ledger: it's a race.'

'Oh! a race! I hope it is not that which you belong to!'

'Nonsense!' the young undrilled ensign replied. 'A race at Doncaster; not a donkey race—a horse race. What bad taste it must be of you not to know these matters: why you must have come from the *antipoles* (Antipodes) not to know nothing of these matters: but come, take your wine, for I am off to the place.'

'Indeed, sir, you *are* not off; yours is the *present* tense, and I am sorry for it.'

'Well, sir,' saucily, 'and if I *was* off.'

'If you *were* you would not be missed.'

The doctor rose in much pain of mind and body to return to the drawing-room, hoping that tea might cool the irritation of his nerves, and act as a stimulus on one suffering and exhausted by the destruction of grammar to which he had been an unwilling witness. On the invalid elderly gentleman's entering the room, he was kindly received by the young ladies, and could not help

observing that the gentleman who had left them was rather presuming.

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Middle-ditch, 'he often makes me his but: *howsomdever*, I gave him an *int* that I could not put up *vith* his *sass*, and he has *discontinered* it.'

The poor doctor had a bit of bread and butter in his hand, all taste for which fled in a moment. The idea of the young man's *sass*, or sauce, turning his stomach.

'Oh, Lor!' exclaimed the lady of the house, '*ow compressive* it is: there's not a breath of *hair*: I shall be *sophisticated*, doctor, if you don't *ventilate* the saloon: do, pray, *hopen* the door.'

At this *opening* the scholar flew off to his apartment, resolved to shut himself up for the night, and to solace himself by reading 'Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful;' but scarcely had he been there a moment when the forbidden house-maid entered, and asked him for some court plaister for one of the young ladies who had *cutted* her finger.

'How did she do it?'

'With a knife, like.'

'I believe,' observed the doctor, 'if it had only been the likeness and similitude of a knife, all might have been well: it is the *reality* which has produced the evil. Go, young woman, with my respects to the fair sufferer'—

'Who's she?' stupidly interrupted the spider-brusher.

'Why, the young lady, and give her that adhesive application.'

'Who's she?'

Doctor Qualm gave her the court plaister without answering her question, and put her out of his room. He paced his chamber until eleven o'clock, and then repaired to his couch. Twelve, one, two, three, when, to use George Colman's humorous description of the fat single gentleman,

'And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,

He was not by any means heavy to sleep.'

He had revolved in his mind the great neglect of grammar in the family, and meant to leave Johnson's Dictionary, as well as Walker's pronouncing one, on the parlour table. The man servant he thought it a

charity to teach English to; and the female attendant was again to be interdicted from approaching the threshold of his door. At length he fell into a dose, which lasted from four until half past seven A. M. when his man awakened him with 'Sir, here is your boots.'

'Daniel,' replied Doctor Qualm, very qualmish indeed, sick at stomach, bilious, feverish and agitated—'Daniel, when you speak of *boots*, say here *are*, instead of here *is*.'

'Yes, sir; and shall I warm your night gound?'

This was a dagger to the grammarian: he took it out of his hand, and shook his head. 'Daniel, get me a similar draught to that which I took yesterday, and give me the box of antibilious pills.'

'Sir, will you have the physic from mistress's *pottycarry*, or from the *drugster*, next *dore* to the compository?'

In great agony Doctor Qualm rejoined, 'Daniel, Daniel, you will never speak English; mind my pronunciation: from the druggist's next *door* to the repository.'

'Good, your reverence.'

Daniel returned with the draught, which, on being *agitated* (to use Dr. Qualm's expression), seemed somewhat to differ from the one sent last, whereon he observed, 'Daniel, I am doubtful that this is not precisely the same medicine as heretofore: go back and ask.'

'Oh! I am sure, sir, that it is right, for the *pottycarry* asked if the gentleman *as* was to take it was not sore troubled with the *boil*?'

'A *boil*, Daniel? and *sore* troubled? why this is some embrocation; fling it out of window—its a wrong mixture; moreover, you have put me past taking any thing but patience, and of that I should require a strong dose.'

At this moment the cries of *vater creases*, *ingions*, and *sparrow grass* assailed his ears. 'Mercy defend us!' cried he, 'must every thing which we eat, drink, and wear be miscalled, to disgust one from taking it? Can one neither converse with man, woman, or child, without their offending so against grammar as to wound the ear? I will go back to college;'

and so he did, after paying for board and lodging for a week more than he occupied his apartments. He is arrived at the university, but in such a state of health that his recovery is

despaired of; and rumour says that he proposes leaving his small property to a grammar class for grown people in the Cockney College.

MEMOIR OF LADY MORGAN.

WHATEVER may be the political degradation of Ireland, or however incapable she may be considered to reward talent or learning, it must be admitted, even by her enemies, that her children, at the present day, occupy the first places in nearly every department of polite literature. Moore is decidedly without a rival in the flowery paths of poesy, and the names of Canning* and Plunkett alone are sufficient to establish her claim to superior eloquence. We could swell the catalogue by the mention of many others whose intellectual labours have added to the reputation of British literature; but to put the question beyond dispute, we have only to allude to her female writers. Miss Edgeworth, in the world of fancy and romance, divides the palm with the 'great unknown,' and Lady Morgan, since the death of Madam de Stael, is, by universal suffrage, allowed to stand at the head of that portion of her sex, who have, by the exercise of their talents, covered with disgrace those who denied them the possession of mental powers.

Lady Morgan is descended from a family of great respectability in Ireland. Her father, the late Robert Owenson, was the grandson of an Irish baronet; but his talents and virtues do not stand in need of hereditary honors to insure the lasting esteem of those who knew him. With nearly all the wits of the last century he was intimate. Goldsmith, to whom he was closely related, introduced him to the club at which Johnson presided, where he met his cotemporary, Garrick. Mr. Owenson was the author of various lyrical compositions, which were sung on the Dublin stage, and are remarkable for broad wit and genuine humour; but, perhaps, that which reflects the highest honour on his memory, is the generous and uncalculating protection and

patronage which he afforded the unfortunate Dermody. This wayward genius he found occupied in mixing colours for the scene painter in the theatre, and had no sooner discovered his talents, than he snatched him from poverty and obscurity, and interested his friends so effectually in behalf of the young poet, that he quickly secured him the means of independence and happiness. But, unfortunately, Dermody was one of those whose follies and eccentricities mar the best designs of their friends; and he too soon forfeited the regard of his liberal and noble-minded patrons. Mr. Raymond, in his 'Life of Dermody,' has done full justice to Mr. Owenson.

Mr. Owenson, by an imprudent connexion with a once beautiful and celebrated actress, became, early in life, infected with the theatrical mania, and on his marriage subsequently with a respectable English woman, he purchased a share in one of the Dublin theatres, and became joint proprietor with the celebrated Mr. Ryder. On Mr. Daly obtaining an exclusive patent for a metropolitan theatre, Mr. Owenson resigned. He afterwards embarked in mercantile concerns, became a wine merchant, and built some provincial theatres; among others, that beautiful edifice at Kilkenny.

In these very opposite pursuits he was, as might have been expected, unsuccessful; and under the difficulties which resulted from her father's misfortunes, the subject of this memoir made her first literary essay. Thus the world has been indebted, as Lady Morgan herself has acknowledged in her preface to 'France,' to that great parent of exertion—Necessity—for all the instruction and amusement which have been afforded it by her writings.

Lady Morgan's talents must have developed themselves at a very early

* Mr. Canning, according to his biography, is a native of England. He was, however, born in Ireland.

age; for we find Miss Sydney Owen-son complimented in a juvenile poem of Dermody's; and her sponsor, the convivial Ned Lysaght, has left a prophetic fragment* prognosticating her future fame. At fourteen years of age she published a volume of poems, which she dedicated to that patroness of Irish literature—Lady Moira. 'St. Clair,' a novel, was her next production, and this was followed by the 'Novice of St. Dominick.' These works, though by no means favourites with Lady Morgan, and though evidently written when she was almost totally unacquainted with the world, were very popular at the time; for the society of the fair authoress was courted by all the fashionable circles, both in England and Ireland.

Women, from their retired habits and necessary ignorance of those scenes into which the other sex very properly enter, cannot be supposed to possess that knowledge which can only be acquired by experience and observation. With Lady Morgan this was peculiarly the case. Her childhood was spent in the bosom of her own family; and, as she grew up, a sensitive dislike to every thing deficient in merit confined her intercourse to the circle of her private friends: hence, in her early productions, that paucity of observations on real life, the romantic cast of her fictions, and the improbability of her plots. Sentiments are made to supply the place of nature, and characters are drawn which never could have had an existence. These faults, however, Lady Morgan quickly corrected. She no sooner mixed in the busy scenes of every-day life, than she profited by the opportunities afforded for observation; and, though 'The Wild Irish Girl' displays very little knowledge of the world, her

subsequent novels are portraits from life.

The scene of 'The Wild Irish Girl' is laid in Connaught, not far, we believe, from the residence of Sir Maltby Crofton, a near relative of Lady Morgan, at whose house herself and sister spent some time. In her 'Patriotic Sketches' she speaks with feelings of delight of her visit to Sir Maltby and his lady, and, we believe, it was during her stay that she matured 'The Wild Irish Girl.' In this national novel Lady Morgan struck out an unbeaten path for the display of her talents.

The trap-doors and black dungeons of the Radcliffe school had been exhausted, and the instructed part of society was satiated with the mawkish sentimentality of Leadenhall Street. In 'The Wild Irish Girl' there is an air of delightful originality, and it has been asserted, with some reason, that it was this work which gave rise to the Scotch novels. The 'great unknown' has said otherwise; but, if Miss Edgeworth were his model, it is somewhat extraordinary that he has never attempted to imitate her. Her works are transcripts of the present day—his of the past; while it is obvious that Diana Vernon, like Glorvina, is a mere 'fancy sketch'—an ideal being—the creature of the imagination. Her resemblance to the Irish chieftain's daughter is rather too remarkable, in many points, to be accidental.

Lady Morgan had imbibed, from her respected parent, an early attachment for her native country; and her acute mind was not long in discovering the cause which kept Ireland unhappy. With a generous disinterestedness she advocated, from the first, the rights of her Catholic countrymen, and through good report and evil report she has continued their

* The following is the fragment alluded to:

TO MISS OWENSON.

'The Muses met me once not very sober,
But full of frolic, at your merry christ'ning!
And now, this twenty-third day of October,
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I'm list'ning.
'They called you "Infant Muse," and said your lyre
Should one day wake your nation's latent fire:
They ordered Genius garlands to entwine
For Sydney;—me, i'faith, they plied with wine.'

zealous supporter. Her political sentiments, however, have exposed her to the malignant attacks of the intolerant; and no sooner had she attracted public notice, than the press teemed with abuse of an unoffending female. The popular voice, however, soon rescued her from the vituperation of her enemies. The literati of Ireland stepped forth in her defence; and, as a means of giving an opportunity for the expression of public sympathy, Miss Owenson was prevailed upon to bring out, on the Dublin stage, a dramatic piece, entitled 'The First Attempt.' It was successful beyond all expectation, and on the author's night the Lord and Lady Lieutenant (Duke and Duchess of Bedford) testified their regard for the author by their presence.

Such was the popularity of Miss Owenson at this period, that the lower orders of her countrymen looked upon her talents as of a very influential kind. 'A poor fellow, a letter-carrier,' says one of Lady Morgan's biographers, 'of good general character, the father of a large family, was induced, in a moment of extreme distress, to open a letter committed to his charge, and to possess himself of a small sum of money, with the intention of restoring it in a few days to the owner. For this offence he was condemned to die. In the court in which he was tried, a scene of the deepest distress was exhibited by the presence and anguish of his aged father, his wife, and her helpless infants: but the crime was one of those which society never pardons. In such cases Cupidity and Apprehension are alike interested in striking terror, and Mercy and Hope must be silent at their bidding. From the gloom of the condemned cell this unfortunate criminal, like the drowning wretch who grasps at a straw, appealed to the imaginary influence of a popular writer; and the claim was irresistible to one whose domestic affections were the mainsprings of her being.

'On the receipt of his letter, Miss Owenson addressed herself to the different barristers of her acquaintance; but the reply she received was uniform. The crime was unpardonable, the man's fate was sealed, and

interference could only expose her to mortification and defeat. Unintimidated by these dispiriting reports, she applied directly to Baron Smith, the presiding judge on the trial; and that amiable individual, rejoicing to have so good a pretext for tempering the rigour of justice, directed her to the foreman of the jury, with the promise, that if a recommendation to mercy could be procured from them, he would, in consequence of the conviction resting on circumstantial evidence, back it with his sanction. Miss Owenson saw the foreman of the jury, induced him to assemble the jurymen, and to sign the recommendation. She then drew up a memorial to the Duke of Richmond, the head of the Irish government; and, in one word, procured a commutation of the sentence to perpetual transportation. It is pleasurable to add, that on arriving at New South Wales, the reprieved man became an industrious and honest member of society; and supports his family in independence and comfort. A circumstance not dissimilar in its event, and even more romantic in the details, occurred to the immortal Jenner, who was the means of saving a youth taken prisoner under Miranda, and condemned to certain death under the horrible form of perpetual slavery on the military works of a Spanish American fortress. The recollection of such anecdotes is a source of the purest satisfaction. They tend to raise the literary character; they do honour to human nature, and they relieve the dark shade which almost uniformly obscures the political history of the species.'

In 1811 the subject of our memoir was introduced to Sir Charles Morgan, a physician and fellow of the London College. They first met at the Marquis of Abercorn's, in the north of Ireland; and a similarity of tastes led to a matrimonial connexion. Since her marriage, Lady Morgan has almost constantly resided in the Irish metropolis, where her house is the centre of all the taste, wit, and literature of Dublin.

Lady Morgan is an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient poetry and music of Ireland; and from her ear-

liest infancy she was in the habit of listening to the 'songs of her dear native plains.' To some of the wild airs which wander unappreciated she early adapted words, and published, in London, 'The Lay of the Irish Harp,' which was followed, after some time, by a volume of twelve Irish Melodies. This latter publication, as Mr. Moore has handsomely acknowledged, suggested to our celebrated bard the idea of his splendid work, which has identified Irish music with British minstrelsy.

Previous to her marriage, Lady Morgan published 'Ida,' the scene of which was laid in Greece. This work proved that Lady Morgan is never so successful as when on Irish ground; and, if any thing were wanted to establish this fact, her next novel, 'O'Donnell,' supplied it. In this work she displayed new powers; and, whether we laugh at M'Rory or smile at the extravagant nothingness of fashionable life, we must acknowledge that we are under the influence of a spell, with which genius alone could envelop us.

Soon after the peace, Lady Morgan, accompanied by Sir Charles, visited France; and in 1818 her work on that country appeared. In her 'France' she has evinced an intimate acquaintance with the human heart; and shown that her views of life are liberal and philosophical. This work created a lively sensation; and has been published in every nation in Europe, though prohibited in many. The reviewers, who had never treated her ladyship very kindly, lost all patience at the success of her 'France,' and, forgetting their duty as critics, commenced their attacks on the woman. Their want of justice and gallantry was quite manifest; and Lady Morgan published 'Florence Macarthy,' in which some of the writers in the 'Quarterly' thought they recognised their own portraits.

In the same year Lady Morgan visited Italy, and remained there two years. On her return she gave the public the fruits of her observations on that interesting country. On 'Italy' we are not called upon to express any opinion; but, were it even such as the reviewers have represented it to be, still they were not justified in maligning and misrepresenting the author. But their malice, like ambition in Shakspeare, overvaulted itself; and their efforts to cry down a popular writer were fruitless. Her ladyship addressed to them a 'Reply,' in which she has shown a great deal of caustic satire; while, with virtuous indignation, she defends her character from their foul imputations.

The next work of Lady Morgan was 'The Life of Salvator Rosa;' and last year she published 'Absenteeism.' Of this we have spoken in our former volume, and need not repeat our opinion here. Her ladyship, it is reported, has now in the press another Irish novel, which may be expected to make its appearance this season.

Lady Morgan's works have nearly all been translated into several continental languages; and, as she has shown in each her ardent attachment to the land of her birth, the disabilities under which Ireland labours are thus published throughout the civilized world; and we doubt not many fair eyes have, while reading 'The Wild Irish Girl,' wept for the misfortunes of Glorvina's countrymen. To Lady Morgan's only sister, Lady Clarke, has descended a fair portion of hereditary talent. She has written one or more comedies possessing considerable merit; and, were it not for the cares of a young family, she might have come more frequently before the public.

LEGENDARY TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. I.

THE LORD OF BALLYTEAGH.

EVERY man, woman, and child, who lives between the Tower of Hook and the Fort of Rastlare, can tell you all about the lord of Ballyteagh and his cat; but, if you have no business beyond the mountain of Forth, I'll tell you the story myself, just as I heard it, sixteen years ago, from the mouth of Dick Keating, an honest son of Crispin, who, though true to the *last*, served as a kind of living speaking Encyclopedia for the good people of Baldwinstown. Dick had learned much from books, but more from his customers; and, unlike the ancient philosophers, he made no mystery of his knowledge. It was at the service of every one who might choose to sit and, listen; and, as his neighbours were not over and above burdened with business, Dick seldom wanted an audience. Your country shoemaker is always a man of information; and it has surprised many worthy friends of mine, that the gentle craft has not produced more men of genius than Bloomfield, Gifford, and half a score others. Dick Keating, however, was a man of fame; he was known, his talents appreciated, and himself beloved, within a circle of three miles; and that is more than can be said of many men who had more ambition than the worthy shoemaker.

Dick's house stands upon the right hand side of the way, and is so close to the road that you could step from the threshold into the middle of it. Moreover, it is the last and best house in the village; and, if you want any other mark whereby to know it,

look at the leather parings thrown under the shop window. It was on a fine summer's day that I was passing through Baldwinstown, and, somehow or another, I wanted badly to speak with Dick: may be I wanted a stitch in my shoe; and may be I wanted a new pair. At all events in I went; and, strange as it may appear to the Cockney reader, I found half a dozen men, and Dick in the middle of them, contending about a disputed quantity in a line of Virgil. Bob Cardiff and Jack Walsh* were the most learned; but Dick was certainly the loudest. 'Tut, tut,' says the shoemaker, 'I wouldn't give a *traaneen* for your larning *lego* and *scribo*, since neither of you can tell me the meanen of *Moude killed Joude*, the very words which Sir Walter Whitty spoke to his cat.'

'They are Welsh,' says one. 'No; they are Irish,' says another. 'Troth, they're neather,' says Dick, 'but real ould Barneyforth. and means, "Cat, I killed your kitten;" and, faith, so he did kill her, and sore he suffered for it afterwards.'

'I have heard much,' said I, 'of the lord of Ballyteagh; perhaps some one present would be kind enough to inform me of the particulars.'

'Oh, ay,' says Dick, 'the moment I last this shoe I'll tell you all about it; and a quare story it is, but quite true for all that.'

Dick, however, did not stop to *last* his shoe, but proceeded. "You must know, sir, that all the people about these parts, but particularly the *houghany*† set in Kilmore, are the

* Both these gentlemen have since turned their learning to some account. The former is now a physician of repute in Wexford, and the latter is, or was lately, a chaplain at Anne Street Chapel, Dublin.

† Vulgar, stupid, &c. Dick's opinion of his neighbours is a good specimen of that prejudice which exists throughout the world. Not only nations, but counties, nay parishes, have a contemptuous opinion of each other. The people of Kilmore, whose habits are so well worthy of imitation, are thus reviled and abused by their immediate neighbours, though they are decidedly the happiest and most independent people in the kingdom. I once heard a song, composed by a *mummer* in an adjoining parish, in which he abuses the Kilmore people for not entertaining himself and companions. The following verse is all I can recollect of it:—

'In rank and fine order we march'd to Kilmore,
With no other intention but Mass to procure:
Yet the *houghany* set only cried, "Are you here,
When Christmas is gone, and likewise our cheer?
Och! why *dinest* thou come whilst we'd something to give?"
But, hell to their souls! 'tis at home we could live.—Tol, lol,' &c.

descendants of Strongbow's sogers. The Keatings, however, thank God, are of the real Irish blood: perhaps you may have seen their coat of arms: it is fire and smoke with a hand and dagger; because our family were all fine fellows. Well, sir, as you're a stranger, and as I was sayen, Strongbow settled his followers throughout the country, where they have continued ever since, rich as Jews, but as dull as bears. One o' them never travelled beyond Taghmon * in his life; and hundreds of them have died without ever seeing Waxford. But that's not the story.—Well, sir, one of Strongbow's captains was a Whitty, and a Norman to boot. To him was given large tracts of land, and he built the castle of Ballyteagh, and ruled over all Kilmore. Twenty years after his landing he was killed defending his castle against the O'Kavanaghs, who then ruled about Mount Leinster. His son, however, succeeded in beating back the Irish; and for the great valour he displayed he was knighted, and called ever after Sir Walter Whitty. He was a rollaking fine fellow, and spent all his time in sporting and fishing; and a fine place he lived in for that purpose: for Ballyteagh beats Bannagher for wild fowl. You can see it by only looken out o' the door.'

'That he can't,' says Bob Cardiff, 'for the door looks to the opposite point.'

'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind,' said Dick; 'and, besides, an Irishman has leave to speak twice. Well, sir, the lord of

Ballyteagh, as Sir Walter was called, was young and handsome; and you may be sure he wanted a wife; as why but he would, since he had a mighty fine castle to take her to? He looked about him, and soon fixed his eyes upon Lady Devereux, the heiress of Ballymaghear, who lived in the castle, now the house of Sir Edward Loftus, who by the same token is the worst landlord in all Ireland. The curse of Cromwell on him, what betther could be expected from a merry-begotten like him? The Devereuxes were also Strongbonians, and came from Normandy, some country abroad. Between the two castles runs, as you may see, the Little Sea;† and Sir Walter, whenever he went to see his lady, had to cross this in a boat. Sometimes he had attendants, and sometimes he had none; for what did a sprightly young buck like him want of a sarvant? One night he stopped rather late with Lady Devereux, and when he reached the water-side he found a great storm. The waves ran mountains high; and the lightning, Christ save us! was enough to blind a man. Sir Walter, though a brave heeram-sceeram fellow, was frightened; and, what was more, he couldn't find his boat. So, begad, he bethought himself of turning back and spenden the night at Ballymaghear with his lady. 'Twas easier sed than done; for he missed his way, and no wonder; for the *slobs* is a wild place. He wandered about from place to place; was bogged here and drowned there; and all the time it rained like murder. At last, as luck would have it, he saw

* Taghmon is about eight miles from this barony. A man from the parish of Tachmushane, having taken a horse to a fair there for sale, was asked where the animal was bred. 'In Ireland,' he replied; for the simple man imagined that he had travelled beyond the limits of the kingdom. The progress of population in the baronies of Forth and Bargie completely contradict the *Malthusian* doctrine. The people have been visited neither by pestilence nor famine—neither by oppression nor war. They have neither emigrated nor enlisted; for Wakefield says, that his majesty has not obtained one recruit from the barony of Forth during the last 70 years: yet the people have not increased. Many of the original families are extinct. The Whittys, one of the principal, were as numerous six hundred years ago as they are now. In the whole kingdom there are scarcely forty men of the name.

† It is merely a large salt water *lough*, within the burrow of Ballyteagh, but called by the country people the Little Sea, in contradistinction to St. George's Channel without the burrow, which they denominate the Big Sea.

From the descriptive and compound qualities of the Irish language, the name is the description of the place; for instance, Ballyteagh signifies the town of mist, being situated amongst the constant exhalations of the water which almost surrounds it; and Ballymaghear is the town of the flat country east, it being an extensive plain.

a light, and, making towards it, he found it to proceed from the spy-hole of a poor cabin. He rapped at the door, and a hoarse voice axed "Who's there?" "The lord of Ballyteagh," answered the knight: "let me in, and I'll reward you."

"Ay," sed an ould woman, as she opened the door, "as your father rewarded me. The curse of the Murroughs rest upon you."

"Hush, mother," said a young girl, as beautiful as an angel, "sure Sir Walter is my lady's lover."

"Lover!" bawled out the ould hag, "he shall never wed the lady of Ballymaghear. Oonagh Murrough has sed it."

"Why, my good ould woman," sed the knight, "how have I offended you?"

"Offended!" sed she with a laugh; "offended! Have not the Whittys ruined me and mine? Have they not murdered my husband, father, and kindred? and have they not banished us from the house of our fathers? But Oonagh Murrough will be revenged: she has lost her poor ould sowl, but she'll be revenged: she has told her *Ave Maria* backwards, but she'll be revenged." And with that she fell into fits, still screaming "The storm! the storm! who raised the storm?"

"A witch, by the bridge of St. Patrick!" sed the knight.

"Oh, no, sir," sed the young girl, "my mother raves this way whenever there's a storm: she is a little beside herself. Take no notice, sir, she is nothing bad." And so the knight was calmed, and the ould woman carried to bed.

"The storm continuing, Sir Walter sat down on a boss by the fire, and began to *make faces** at the thackeen; for he was a devil after the girls. She sung several songs in Irish for him; and when the morning arose she went out to show him the way to the strand. After some time he found his boat; and, before stepen into it, he gave the girl a kiss, which made her blush; and then she ran home to her mother.

"When the lord of Ballyteagh reached his castle he couldn't help thinken

of the ould woman and her daughter; and, as he hadn't much to do, away he sets that same evenen to pay them another visit. The ould woman wasn't at home, but the young girl was surprised at his presence. A kiss, however, set every thing to right; and one kiss followed another until he got the better of her; and that's what happened many a thackeen before her; for, as the girl sed, a little thing done it. You may be sure my gentleman didn't tell Lady Devereux what happened; and sorrow a one knew any thing about the matter until the girl's apron-string began to tell tales. One night, as Sir Walter was returning from Ballymaghear, he met Oonah's daughter sitten by the boat waiten for him. She sobbed and cried that you'd think her heart would go in pieces; and when he axed her what ailed her, she ups and tells him how she was wid child by him, and she would tell Lady Devereux if he wouldn't make an honest woman of her. The knight was thunderstruck, and didn't know which way to turn himself. He knew if his lady heard of it, that she wouldn't marry him; and that if she wouldn't his heart would break, for he was doaten down fond of her. He begged and prayed of the girl to say nothen, and that he'd give her lashens of money; but nothing would do her but marriage; and so the devil whispered in his ear to get shut of her. "Well," sed Sir Walter, "since it must be it must be. Come into the boat, and I'll carry you to my castle."

"And so she did; and when he got to the middle of the channel he ketches her and throws her over into the salt sea. At the moment he heard a loud laugh; and soon after a noise like as if ten thousand cats were fighten. Terrified out of his life the knight rowed to shore, and hastened to his castle; but for the sowl of him he couldn't get either peace or ease; for a guilty conscience is a troublesome companion. Next day, lest he should be suspected of the murder, he goes to Oonagh's house; but found nothen there but an ould ugly looken black cat.—"Poor puss," says he. "*Mhau,*"

* i. e. Make love.

says she; and, cocking her tail, she followed him home and took her place by the fire.

'From that day out nothen was heard of the ould woman or her daughter; but whenever Sir Walter went out to catch rabbits on the burrow he saw a white cat, which met his eyes wherever he turned; and his gamekeeper tould him that he often thought to kill her, but couldn't, though she was destroying the rabbits. Of this, however, the lord of Ballyteagh took no notice, but thought to make his peace with God by building the church of Kilmore.*

'In the mean time, the match between him and Lady Devereux was made up. They were to be married as it were to-morrow; and the bride sent to the bridegroom as it were to-day for some rabbits for the wedding dinner. The joyful lover wouldn't trust any one but himself; and so out he went to the burrow: but though he toiled all day, the never a rabbit could he catch. Returning home at night quite disappointed, what should he see but the white cat perched upon a bank of sand? "Bad luck to you and all your breed," sed the knight, taken up a stone; "it's you and the likes o' you that has destroyed all my rabbits;" and so sayen he flings a stone at and killed her.

'When he reached home he found as usual the ould black cat sitten by the fire. "*Moude killed Joude*," sed he; and scarcely had puss heard the wind of the word when she curls up her back, springs upon the knight, and afore any one could save him she had his throat cut. When the servants came in they could not see the cat, and from that night to this the ghost of the lord of Ballyteagh is seen sitting in the hall of the castle with a cat stuck in his throat. The Whittys ever since have hated cats, and never keep one in their houses."†

'What became of the witch?'

'She was burnt at low water mark,' replied Dick. 'She was found sitten in her cabin after the bloody business was done, by her own four bones and nobody else, as she confessed afterwards. The white cat was her daughter, which she also bewitched; and it is supposed that she laid a spell upon the Lady Devereux; for on the news of Sir Walter's death she drowned herself in the well of the garden, where she is to be seen every night walken about dressed in white. I am sure and certain of this, for I saw her with my own two eyes.'

'With your own eyes!'

'Indeed I did,' said Dick. 'When I was serving my time I was young and foolish; and so, one night, nothen would do a parcel of us garsoons but go and rob Sir Edward Loftus's garden at Ballymaghear, or, as he called it, Birchfield. Sir Edward then, as well as now, lived at Mount Loftus, county Kilkenny; and so we thought no harm to go and pocket a few apples. As the ditches on each side were very high and hard to get at, we took a ladder with us, and I was the first to mount. Another boy followed, and when on the top of the ditch among *scoughs* (white thorn) we drew the ladder up after us. Just as I had it across my knees ready to drop the end o' it into the garden, what should I see underneath but the white lady walking about? My hair stood an end like sally-twigs; and, saven your presence, the parspiration ran down my back like hailstones. While I was thus on my haunches, with the ladder on my knees, my comrade gave a scream, and, hurrying down, knocked up the ladder, threw me off my balance, and over I went, head foremost, into the middle of a goosberry-bush. There I lay senseless until the barken of the dogs wakened me: and so, taken my ladder, I got out of the garden as fast as I could. And there's an end of my story.'

* The stone altar of this church remains. A tablet still bears evidence that the church was built by Sir Walter Whitty.

† There is another family in Ireland, of whom a similar story is told, but I do not recollect the name.

LOITERINGS IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.—NO. I.

By an idle Traveller.

EVERY man who makes a trip across the water thinks he ought to write his *travels*. Perhaps there is a little coxcombrity in this—perhaps it arises from the desire of reviving past pleasures, and making them greater by means of agreeable society—perhaps, therefore, I am a little of a coxcomb—perhaps I am only desirous of making my journey over again in your good company, gentle reader—perhaps each of these wishes influence me: at all events, both of us may be better employed than in inquiring into motives at all; and therefore, with your permission, we will leave the perhapses, and go to facts.

A feeling of gratitude makes people who journey by steam-boats indulge in long tirades upon the benefits which have resulted from the introduction of steam. As I don't share in the gratitude, I shall excuse myself from this custom. A steam boat is to me an abomination: the filth which is present to one's eyes, and the smells which remind one of the filth that has been, are perfectly horrible. The impudence and unsailor-like appearance of the men, and the strange collection of passengers, combine to make this mode of conveyance extremely disagreeable. It would be intolerable but for the celerity and certainty of its motion; and even in these two particulars I was disappointed: but I must not anticipate.

I set sail from the Tower-stairs at ten o'clock in the morning, the wind blowing—I really don't know from what point—but pretty fresh. The voyage down the river was as dull as usual. Greenwich Hospital stood in its old place; the gibbets, where the black men and the smugglers formerly hung, looked as picturesque as ever, and Tilbury Fort, according to the opinion of the most scientific men, has not moved many miles from the station it occupied when Queen Elizabeth, of famous memory, reviewed her army here. All the passengers who were learned retailed the several traditions connected with these celebrated edifices; and such

as were not, listened. Although I was among the most attentive of the latter, as I heard nothing which every body has not heard twenty times over before, I don't think it worth while here to repeat them. We reached (I hate to use that word with relation to any thing on shipboard—but it has slipped out) the Nore, and this being at the *mouth* of the Thames, reminded the steward that it was usual to make the passengers think they had a dinner at about this time. He, therefore, with the help of a little round-faced boy (who, whatever he happened to be doing with the other, always kept one hand employed in scratching his head, for reasons best known to himself) set about laying out his dinner, consisting of underdone roast beef, some white-a-brown veal of an inexplicable shape, hard salt beef, and a ham which tasted like red herrings. All this carrion was quite cold, and, upon some of the company complaining, the steward, in the most obliging manner, ordered some beef-steaks to be fried, which, in rather less than three quarters of an hour, were brought in a sea of oil; and, as they were carried from the further end of the vessel, they had plenty of time to cool. By the time they were put upon the table, any one, whom the gods 'had made poetical,' might have sung with the improvisatore in Don Juan,

'Those isles of Grease—those isles of Grease!'

But no one did so sing, at least not in my hearing. The dinner was such as one must eat at one's peril; and as I was not disposed, upon this occasion, to *bring up* old grievances, I forbore to eat.

In the mean time, thanks to the steam-engine, we got within sight of Margate, when we received from the ragamuffin who was called 'captain' the agreeable intelligence that, although he could easily reach Ostend before midnight, it would be of no use, because there would be no water in the harbour until five o'clock in the morning. He therefore proposed to favour us with *dodging about*, as he

called it. I was sufficiently tired before—this news entirely troubled the amiable serenity of my temper; and I went to bed to avoid a certain inconvenience which it is better to hint at than to explain at length, and so sleep away my chagrin.

My readers (if I should ever have any) will be delighted to hear that I soon fell asleep, and did not wake until past five in the morning; but their joy will suffer some abatement when they find that this sound sleep prevents my giving them a beautiful description of the moon shining (as I am credibly informed it did) over the silver sea, &c. &c. &c. I *could* indulge them with a sketch of the sunrise on the following morning; but the truth is, I was so desirous of getting on shore, that I had not leisure to sentimentalize in the manner usually adopted by small travellers. Besides, there is really nothing picturesque in the appearance of Ostend from the sea: and as to the sun, every body knows that it rises with great punctuality every morning, and keeps its time at least as regularly as the clock at the Horse Guards.

At half past six o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 22d of September (I love to be particular in these matters; it gives people a notion of one's minuteness, and prepares them to believe any thing out of the common way) I landed at Ostend, and was carried, with the other male passengers, to the office of *Water Sckout*, to be examined. A grave fat old gentleman, with a green cap not half big enough for him, was seated at a high desk; and when we entered, whether it was that this functionary of his majesty the king of the Netherlands did not like to be interrupted in his smoking, or that we were too early, it is impossible for me to guess; but he was evidently in a bad humour. He proceeded to examine an American, who, being a subject of a republic, was of course a suspicious person: the Yankee, however, did not seem to value the water-sckout; and the following dialogue ensued:—

W. S.—Myneer, ven you vas born'd at New York?

Y.—Yes, I guess I was.

W. S.—Bot you has got no muns
January, 1826.

to your bassport (the month was omitted).

Y.—I can't help that:—no fault o'mine:—your consul in America gave the passport, and I guess he forgot it.

W. S.—Yes—you forgot it?

Y.—No, I didn't forget it.

W. S.—Vhy you didn't tell them?

Y.—Because he lived a long way off—a day and a half's journey, as I calculate.

W. S.—Vhy you didn't tell me then.

Y.—I couldn't tell you, I never saw you before.

W. S.—Vhy you didn't now tell me. (This was what he meant to say at first, but the American did not understand him.)

Y.—Oh!—it was in the month of June.

The old sckout at this moment got quite angry; and, not thinking it worth while to attack the American before so many people, and not feeling himself very strong in his English, he adopted the approved custom of venting his ill temper upon people whom he could venture to abuse with impunity. He therefore got up, and, opening his window, poured out a torrent of invectives in his native Dutch upon about twenty poor devils of Commissionaires, who were canvassing the passengers for the several hotels which Messieurs les Commissionaires had the honour to represent. His threats and abuse had the effect of silencing them instantly; and they slunk off, leaving us in dumb admiration of the sckout's power and his volubility. It would be worth the while of all persons having authority to learn Dutch, if it were only for the purpose of abusing their subalterns in it. This must have been the very tongue in which Neptune quelled the loud winds which Æolus had loosened to destroy the Trojan fleet; because there was a keen east wind blowing when the water-sckout put his head out of the window, and it died away to a zephyr immediately. 'It's a fact, upon my honour.' Mynheer the Sckout, however, was quite discomposed: he looked sulkily at the passports, and then, promising they should be expedited, soon dismissed

us, looking unutterable things. I could not help envying him the possession of such a language to swear in: it has all the force of a bear's growl, with all the vivacity of an angry cat's sputtering; and, much as we prize our own Billingsgate, it is nothing to Mynheer Water-sekout's mother tongue.

Released from this gentleman's bureau, we made the best of our way to the hotel of La Cour Impériale; and, having gone through the ceremony of having the luggage inspected, I solaced myself with an excellent breakfast for the privations I had endured on board the packet. After breakfast I rambled about Ostend, but found nothing to repay me for the trouble of my walk. The town is poor to the last degree; and, although the houses are often large and pretty well built, they are badly inhabited; and an air of desolateness prevails throughout the place.

The persons whom one meets with at a table-d'hôte, in a seaport town, are always of a heterogeneous description, and not always such as one would choose to sit down with, if one had the selecting of one's own guests. On the present occasion the party consisted of some English gentlemen, who found it convenient to place the Channel between themselves and their creditors; they were as polite, agreeable, good tempered swindlers, as you should wish to meet with; and the dashing wife, and more dashing daughters of a physician, who, for a similar reason, had thought fit to honour the Low Countries with his presence, were also of the party. The mother flirted with all the men who would encourage her attempts, and whom her wrinkles and paint did not dismay; and her daughters, like obedient children, followed the example of their honoured parent. Some English and Flemish horse-dealers were also guests, and tried at once to drive their bargains, and to take care that mine host of La Cour Impériale should gain nothing by them.—They ate more than any of their horses could have done. A haberdasher and his wife, who, as they obligingly told me, had been looking out for a school at Brussels for

their children, whom they were resolved should have a good 'hedecation,' and be taught to speak the foreign languages, were very near neighbours. With the exception of an intelligent old gentleman, a priest, who was travelling to England with his sister, an interesting looking widow, I found in all this group none whose conversation could be endured. As soon as the clergyman left the table I arose also, and went out to stroll about the town.

At this period it was duller even than usual. The season for visitors was nearly at an end; and there was now no trade except a little horse-dealing with England.

A very intelligent merchant, who has been living here more than forty years, told me that at the period in which he settled at Ostend, and for a few years afterwards, it promised to become the first commercial town in the whole of the Netherlands. It was then a free port; and having, during the American war, been regarded as a neutral place, it did so much business as to induce many merchants of respectability to establish themselves there. At this period it was that the houses, so much better than the condition of the people would seem to warrant, were built at Ostend. The opening the Scheldt removed the trade to Antwerp soon after the beginning of the French Revolution; and the consequences of the latter event gave the finishing blow to the short-lived prosperity of this town. During Napoleon's government the trade was a little better; because to be even an inferior port of France was something. The separation of the two countries has now deprived Ostend of this advantage; and it has at present little but its merely local traffic. Ostend is famous for nothing, that I know of, but the three years' siege which it sustained from the Spanish forces, between 1601 and 1604; and the almost incredible stories which are told of the valour of its defenders. Among other very remarkable ones is that of a regularly organized band called *Lopers*, or leapers; who used to leap the dykes round the town by means of their pikes, and attack the Spaniards mostly with good success,

effecting their retreat in the same manner. The present fortifications of Ostend appear to be very extensive; but the townspeople (who in every place hate fortifications, because the money expended in making them comes out of their pockets) say they will tumble into the ditches under their own weight.

On the morning of Friday I began the journey from Ostend to Bruges by a diligence which convinced me of a fact I had before doubted—that any thing of human invention could be worse than a French stage-coach. The Pays-bas machines, for clumsiness and bad management, beat them hollow.

As nothing in the journey happened out of the common course, I will not tax my memory to set down exactly

how many times the driver stopped at the cabarets, to prove the truth of the assertion on all the sign-boards, '*Hier verkoopt man dranck*;' which means, as I am told, that drink is sold within. At Ghistel, the only place of any size that we passed through, there is an ancient picturesque church, and a ruined chateau, surrounded by a moat formerly belonging to the Earls of Ghistel; a good specimen of the sort of building on which the feudal lords of this country relied for defending themselves, and offending such of their neighbours as they dared in those comfortable periods, when might overcame right, and when prevailed.

That good old rule—that simple plan—
That they should seize who had the power,
And they should keep who can.

ANSELMO; A TALE OF ITALY.*

MR. VIEUSSEUX, the author of the work before us, is one of the few foreigners who write the English language with correctness and fluency. His style is singularly accurate, and, what is of far more consequence, his views of men and things are acute and philosophical. To England and Englishmen he is partial; but he does not court public favour, like too many others, by libelling the land of his birth. Though no longer a Catholic, he is not blind to the merits of the religion he has abandoned; for, unlike Blanco White, he appears ever ready to do justice to the professors of the 'ancient creed.' The political errors of his countrymen he displays in bold and prominent colours; but we have not discovered that he attributes the condition of the Italian people to their belief in transubstantiation, or in their respect for the Pope. Indeed we must do our author the justice to say, that he appears to us a candid and impartial observer,—free alike from prejudice and nationality, and, though an honest patriot, no visionary.

To Mr. Vieusseux we are already indebted for the best account of Italy and the Italians ever published. His was not the journal of a hasty traveller, who found, or thought he found,

every thing to confirm his national prejudices. He describes men and things with which he had been intimate from infancy; and, as he had visited foreign countries, his views were enlarged while his partialities were lessened. The present work does not detract from the reputation Mr. Vieusseux acquired by his former publication; and, though it is not of that elaborate class to which '*Italy and the Italians*' belongs, still it evinces the same love of truth, and the same impartiality. He describes only what he personally witnessed, and hence the value of his descriptions.

'Anselmo' is a picture of public events, and embraces a period of twenty years, commencing with the French Revolution, and terminating with the subjugation of Italy by Buonaparte. The incidents are founded on facts, and the public characters who figure in the work are drawn from life, 'and have been traced,' says the preface, 'with a sedulous regard to historical fidelity. Almost all those personages are now dead, and they belong therefore to history; they are spoken of here without either partiality or rancour—their faults are neither overlooked nor magnified. Few men resemble angels or demons—all have capabilities which may be turn-

* *Anselmo; a Tale of Italy.* By A. Vieusseux, Author of '*Italy and the Italians*,' &c. &c. &c. In two volumes. Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East, London, 1825.

ed to good or to evil, and most follow the impulse of the circumstances in which they are placed. The circumstances of Italy, in the epoch herein described, were of an extraordinary nature, and they acted upon individuals in an extraordinary manner. An eloquent writer, who has lately revived in Italy the style of the great Italian historians of the sixteenth century, Carlo Botta, in his recently published history of his country, observes, in speaking of the period we allude to:—"Tutti errarono, Pontefice, Imperatori, Re, Cardinali, Vescovi, preti, nobili, popolani. Almeno imparassero i potenti à non giudicar gli uomini à norma di una perfezione che non è del mondo, ed a conoscere la debolezza propria in quella d'altrui." They all erred—all were carried along by the irresistible stream. They seemed to have lost the compass of moral conduct. There are times when man is put to trials for which his mind is not prepared, not having been previously disciplined by un-earthly considerations.

We fear our author has committed an error in endeavouring to convey historical information under the guise of a fictitious narrative. For our own parts, we think Anselmo partakes too much of a tale to be considered history, and too much of history to be pleasing as a tale. As a fiction, the work is very uninteresting, and is soon told. De Bree, a Frenchman, is privately married to the widow of an Italian duke, by whom he has had several children. The eldest, Anselmo, is brought up by a nurse at Rome, and is educated in the Catholic faith. At seven years of age he visits his father at Naples, and De Bree, being a Protestant, endeavours to counteract the early religious lessons of his son. The boy thus early becomes half a sceptic, and, his father being killed in one of the revolutions by a Neapolitan mob, Anselmo once more returns to his nurse Santini at Rome, where he is educated in the principles first taught him. Of his mother he hears nothing certain; and, after seeking employment in vain from court to court, he embarks at twenty years of age for Turkey, and nothing more is known of him.

Deficient, however, as this tale is

in interest, the reader may peruse the work with advantage. The scenes of strife and terror, of revolution and crime, of which Italy was then the theatre, are accurately and eloquently portrayed, and we regret much that Mr. Vieusseux ever thought of mixing up fiction with incidents so novel and romantic. Our limits, however, prevent us from entering upon the history of this period. It is intimately connected with the French Revolution, and that was an event with the particulars of which all our readers are pretty intimately acquainted. We cannot close the work, however, without making a few extracts. Too many of our English readers have long regarded the Pope as a kind of Antichrist, and Italy as the hot-bed of popery, where superstition and religious ignorance vegetate with the utmost luxuriance. Spain, compared with Rome, was merely a Catholic out-farm, partially neglected; but Rome has ever been regarded as the strong hold of delusion and error, where the priests are all hypocrites, and the people all dupes. Millions of upright conscientious Protestants have believed this to be the case, and, very naturally, though not very logically, have opposed the claims of Irish and English Catholics, for no earthly reason but because they profess the religion which is taught at Rome. Here, however, is an Italian, a man of information and genius, who describes things differently from most English travellers. He has preferred the religion of England to the religion of Italy; he appears to have embraced Protestantism from conviction, and of course he cannot be supposed partial to the religion he has abandoned.

His opportunities of being acquainted with things and men in Italy are undoubted. He has resided there for years, and evidently possesses abilities calculated for appreciating the character of his countrymen, and the effects of their religion. As an authority, Protestants cannot object to him, whatever the Catholics might do; and, as his character stands high in the estimation of many Englishmen, we solicit the attention of our Protestant readers (to whose patronage we are largely indebted) to the

following extracts. We have headed them respectively, for the convenience of reference, and because they are made without any attention to regularity. While Protestants boast a creed of superior tolerance, they should not forget that Christian candour which is ready to do justice to all men.

ITALIAN CLERGY.

'It is a vulgar error to attribute every wrong, every abuse, in a Catholic country, to religious fanaticism, and to the influence of the priests. This, at least, was by no means the case in Italy. With the exception of the Roman State, religion had ceased to have any marked influence in political affairs, long before the French invasion. The Italian clergy, both in the North and South of Italy, were without power. They were still wealthy in part, although both the Austrian Government in the north, and the Spanish Dynasty in the south, had made considerable reforms, suppressed a great number of convents, broken the shackles of the Court of Rome, and, in short, restored religion to its primitive spiritual office. In Naples, the people,—that people stigmatized as so very superstitious,—had openly opposed the establishment of the Inquisition, and they had carried their point. They even went so far as to establish a Court whose office it was to watch that the Inquisition should not creep into the country, which Court was named, "A Tribunal to prevent the Introduction of the Holy Office." Surely such a people cannot be looked upon as blinded by superstition. The Neapolitans were attached to the forms of religion, because they afforded them consolation, because their solemnity imposed upon the senses, because the beauty of their emblems affected the heart. There was a poetry in it which suited the temperament of the people. The convents were suppressed with too great precipitation, and thus little advantage was derived from the sale of the property. The suppression ought to have been gradual and considerate. A considerable portion of the Neapolitan clergy, especially of the parochial clergy, always the most exemplary, were not averse to the change of government, disgusted as

they were with the weakness and profligacy of the old administration; they even in some places assembled their flocks in the churches, and offered public thanks to Heaven for the redemption of its people: the rest would have adopted the same course, had the new authorities pursued a prudent conduct. And yet, it was against such a clergy that the sneers and insults of many an imprudent patriot were directed; calling the religion they preached superstition and prejudice; insulting thereby the whole nation which had till then respected it; qualifying the whole mass of their countrymen as idiots; and placing themselves, the few patriots, high in their intellectual sphere above the rest. Offended self-love is not slow in deducing these consequences.'—Vol. i. p. 187, 188.

ROME IN 1799.

'We must now leave, and it will be without regret, the murderous stage of Naples, in 1799, and remove to the comparatively peaceful ground of the city of Rome. There the consequences of the French reverses of that year had been felt later, and less violently, than at Naples. The new Roman Republic had fallen without a struggle, and the re-action was not accompanied, at least in the city, by popular excesses. The allied troops occupied the Roman States, and the former system of the Papal authorities was soon after re-established. Pius VI. having died in the mean time, a captive in France, the Conclave had assembled at Venice, and a new Pope was elected in March, 1800, in the person of the Bishop of Imola, Chiaramonti, who assumed the name of Pius VII. The new Pontiff was known for his mild and truly Christian virtues, among which, charity towards all mankind shone conspicuous. While Bishop of Imola, in the most difficult times, during the French invasion, and subsequent changes of government in those countries, he endeavoured to conciliate his spiritual duties with the obedience due to the civil powers, and he won the esteem of the French conquerors, and the respect even of the Italian republicans. In an homily he addressed to his flock, he showed himself friendly to enlightened principles, and he

proved that the doctrines of the Gospel are not unfavourable to a system of moderate liberty, and to the just division of power.

'The First Consul of France manifested an early partiality for the new Pontiff; and, after the battle of Marengo, gave him the most positive assurances of his friendship, and that Rome and its territory would be respected by the French arms. The Pope therefore proceeded quietly to Rome, where he arrived in the month of July.

'Although the war in the north of Italy between France and Austria was not yet terminated, Lower Italy began already, in the latter half of the year 1800, to enjoy some repose, after its unparalleled calamities. Ferdinand had returned to Naples, and a more moderate system succeeded the terrorism of the Junta. The people of Rome, tired of the vexations of the ephemeral Republican Government, returned with satisfaction under their old form of government, to which they were accustomed, and after which their habits and ideas were fashioned. The cardinals and other dignitaries of the church were resuming their stations, the Roman nobility began to appear in something like their usual splendour, foreigners resorted again to that favourite city; the churches, the galleries, the Corso, the villas, were crowded again as before. Trade was reviving, the lower classes were employed, the poor received their accustomed pittance from monasteries, hospitals, and houses of charity, and Rome exhibited again its habitual appearance of quiet comfort.'—Vol. i. p. 252—254.

THE COURT OF ROME.

'It became incumbent on the Rector to go and return thanks to his Holiness, who in the midst of the numerous and perplexing cares of his temporal and spiritual governments, had condescended to take such peculiar notice of, and bestow such essential favour on, his youthful protégé.

'Don Lorenzo having inquired of the Cameriere Maggiore what day he would be most likely to obtain access to the Holy Father, took Anselmo with him one evening to the Quirinal Palace. The atmosphere of a court,

even of a papal court, appeared tainted with worldliness to the humble-minded Clergyman. As they ascended the hill of Monte Cavallo, and came in sight of the lordly modern structure, which has been chosen by recent Popes as the place of their residence in preference to the ancient venerable-looking Vatican: as they met the splendid carriages issuing from the spacious courts; as they saw the guards doing duty before the portals,—Don Lorenzo could not help remarking how different every thing looked here from the sober appearance of his retired parish near the banks of the Tiber.

'They entered by one of the lateral gates, and ascended the spiral staircase which led them, after passing many corridors, to the pontifical apartments. Lifting the thick *stuora*, they found themselves in a lofty ante-room, where several domestics in livery were in attendance. Thence they proceeded through another ante-room, and were admitted to an apartment where several persons, chiefly in the clerical dress, were waiting for an audience. Here Don Lorenzo and his charge sat down. Soon after a smart, good-looking Monsignore, who was in waiting, came in from the inner apartments, accompanying with obsequiousness a Cardinal, who had just left his Holiness. The church dignitary was dressed in black, but his red stockings and band showed his rank. After having seen him to the door, the Monsignore returned, and announced to one of the gentlemen waiting, that it was his turn for the audience. He at the same time accosted Don Lorenzo, and, having taken his name, promised him to introduce him as speedily as possible.

'The whole appearance and etiquette of the place had in it much real solemnity. A respectful silence prevailed; the few words that passed were in a whisper; now and then was heard the report of the falling *stuore* in the ante-rooms, or of the *bussole*, or folding doors, from the inner apartments, resounding along the lofty ceiling, or the creaking step of some spruce attendant, as he hastily paced on the tessellated pavement. A peculiar feature of the papal court,

and which gives it a strangeness of appearance, is that not a female is there to be seen within the vast compass of the pontifical residence.

'The walls of the apartments were hung with purple damask, relieved by a few paintings of sacred subjects. The furniture was splendid but ancient—massive gilt arm chairs, marble tables, heavy silver candlesticks. A sober and partial light left the greater part of the room in a sort of shade.

'In this place our visitors waited hour after hour, until most of the applicants who had preceded them had obtained their audience. As they issued one after the other from the presence of the Sovereign, one might see on their countenances and by their carriage the various success of their applications. Some came out elated, smiling, carrying their body erect, and stepping lightly along, as if their good prospects gave new springs to their frame. Others paced on heavily, their eyes cast down, and appeared to go out reluctantly: the number of the latter, however, was small, for the good Pius was a kind listener to his subjects, and did all he could to alleviate their distresses; he allotted to the aid of the poor the greatest part of his private purse; and he has been known to say to some disappointed applicant of the latter class, with his affecting and unaffected simplicity, after looking in his private drawer, "I am sorry you came too late, my monthly allowance is gone; but come early next month, and I will spare you what I can."

It was near ten in the evening when Don Lorenzo was told his Holiness was at leisure to receive him. The Rector took Anselmo by the hand, and they followed the Monsignore. They passed several apartments, resembling the last, when two folding doors opened before them, and they found themselves in the presence of the sovereign Pontiff.

'The ceremonial to be observed consists of three genuflexions with the right knee—one at the entrance, one in the middle of the room, and the third at the feet of the Pope. As soon as they knelt the third time, with the intention of kissing the

Pope's feet, Pius, with a smile of benignity, extended his hand first to Don Lorenzo and then to Anselmo, and they both kissed the piscatorial ring. He desired them to rise, for Pius did not, like his predecessor, Braschi, keep his applicants kneeling, nor did he allow them to kiss his feet, which he kept under the table before which he was sitting.

'Pius VII. was then in his sixtieth year. His figure was not yet curved the weight of time, but his head was habitually bent forward over his breast. His eyes were dark and intelligent, and his features were expressive of application, perseverance, sincerity, and benevolence. Simple as a child in his habits, he was quick in the exercise of his mental faculties, and steady in the fulfilment of his duties. He received Don Lorenzo with kindness, and testified to him the sense he had of his zeal for the boy Anselmo; he was glad that the situation of the latter was now ensured in the College. He then hinted at his aversion to violent measures, and that he preferred that things should be done without scandal. Then turning to Anselmo, and patting him on the cheek, "Be virtuous and studious," said he. "You must endeavour to do yourself honour in the community you are going to enter, and God and men will not forsake you."

'The good Pius proceeded then to question the Rector about the state of his flock—entered into parish details, with which he seemed perfectly acquainted, although he had never done the duties of a secular priest, having passed from the Convent to the Episcopal See. He received kindly from Don Lorenzo several memorials, glanced at them, countersigned them with his own hand, placed them under a slab of porphyry, in a particular place among the piles of papers with which the ample table before him was loaded, and then bending his head as a signal for their departure, stretched his hand first to Don Lorenzo and then to Anselmo, whose hand he pressed in token of paternal kindness. The visitants stepped backwards across the room, the three genuflexions were repeated, the folding doors opened, and Don

Lorenzo and his charge found themselves out of the venerable presence, and among the snirking and smiling Monsignori in waiting in the outer apartments. Silently they descended the great staircase, and passing among the Swiss Guards in the vestibule, came out of the front gate of the palace, and into the fine square of Monte Cavallo.

‘The moon shone in all its brightness above the gardens of the Colonna family, throwing a mild light on the obelisk and the colossal statues and horses which stand before the pontifical palace. Monte Cavallo is an interesting spot: like several other places in modern Rome, it unites the recollections of various and distant epochs; it bears still the name of Ancient Quirinus; its obelisk and statues are the spoils of the Romans over Egypt and Greece. The mansions of the Roman nobles remind us of the ages of feudal power and feudal strife; while the pontifical palace, the residence of a singular monarchy, presents the image of the empire of religion, of spiritual force, contrasted to the empire of physical power.’—Vol. ii. p. 20—26.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

‘That task for Roman Catholic clergymen is enormous, however light it may appear to triflers, and to unbelievers in disinterested virtue. A Catholic clergyman, if he be sincere, renounces all that the world has of choice gifts—he devotes himself to a life of self-restraint, and self-denial—he renounces pleasures and pomps—he renounces even the natural rights common to the rest of mankind—he lives but to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and looks for his reward after death.’—Vol. ii. p. 45.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS.

‘Festivals in Italy, and especially at Rome, are real festivals, and people expect their recurrence with an anxiety unknown to the less susceptible nations who live beyond the Alps. Winter and Spring are the two seasons most abounding in holidays; Christmas, Epiphany, the Holy Week, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Corpus Domini, and St. Peter’s Day, form a succession of days of rejoicing and devotion united. However vanity and pageantry may mix with the

ceremony, yet religious feelings have an important share in the business of the day. People attend church, say prayers, and hear sermons, they confess and humble themselves before the altars; and to people in the common walks of life, such exercises must be necessarily attended with some moral benefit. Their minds are disciplined by it; they learn humility and piety.’—Vol. ii. p. 97, 98.

A JESUIT.

‘The suppressed Jesuits always entertained an idea of their future re-establishment: they used to say to each other, keep yourselves ready; *quando suona il campanello*, when the bell rings, we shall all meet again in our former residence. One feature of the order, at least, as it was before its fall, for it can never be again what it once was—things have changed too much since—was their independence of the papal court, which they did not flatter—they did not aspire to its dignities; the order and its interests were every thing for them. This gave umbrage to the Popes, while the partisans of independence accused them of keeping the human mind stationary, and in a state of tutelage, as they kept their immediate subjects the Indians of Paraguay. The regularity of discipline with which the society pursued its objects, was exemplified even in the few remaining scions, like the one now before Anselmo. He stood like one of a few lone detached pillars of an immense building, but yet he stood upright and firm. The society had been suppressed for thirty years past; its members had been persecuted by all the Catholic sovereigns; those sovereigns themselves had been swept away by the French, equally inimical to the throne and the altar, to Molinists or Jansenists, to Jesuits or Dominicans; the French had overrun all Italy: they were at the very gates of Rome, and yet those three or four fathers lived quietly in their old convent of Gesù; they lived there lost in the labyrinth of corridors and cells of that immense cœnobium, as calm, as collected, as secure, as if they stood surrounded by all the power and influence of their thousand brethren of old. With feet

tottering towards the grave, Father B., pale and emaciated, preserved all the mental activity of youth united to the character of manhood. He had regular audiences at fixed hours, which were numerous attended. He directed the consciences of many young men, and gave them advice upon their temporal and spiritual concerns: he exerted his influence to forward them in the world. Libraries, museums, galleries, academies, schools, to all he had access, to all he procured tickets for those who wished to follow the arts or letters; he was as familiar with profane as with religious studies. He kept an active correspondence with several personages of the different courts of Italy, of the exiled courts of France, Sardinia, and Sicily, and with his embodied brethren in Poland. His farewell to Anselmo was such as became a man of his character. A recommendation to behave so as to conciliate the regard of his future protectors; an exhortation to keep faithful to the religion in which he had been brought up; a few short remarks on the precariousness of false philosophy, however triumphant for the moment; a few matters-of-fact suggestions about his worldly concerns, and a friendly affectionate adieu—these constituted his last conversation. No cant, no fanaticism, no bigotry, were displayed. He did not shudder at the probable prospect of Anselmo's going to join the English heretics in Sicily; on the contrary, he spoke of them with sincere regard, without once alluding to the difference of religion. "Go, my son, and Providence be with thee;" these were the last words of the good Father, as he half rose from his arm-chair, while Anselmo took his hand, which he pressed to his lips. As the latter shut the door, he felt he had left a man really superior. When Anselmo returned to Rome some months after, Father B. had set off on a journey to Poland, where he shortly after died of age and fatigue.'—Vol. ii. p. 112—115.

ROME IN 1809.

'Anselmo frequently walked up the Quirinal hill, and passed under the walls of the pontifical palace; silence reigned in that vast enclosure; January, 1826.

the gates were shut; at times they opened for a moment, and a solitary carriage was seen driving out; it was some faithful Prelate coming from paying a visit of respect, of consolation, to the afflicted and venerable head of the church, to show his fidelity in the hour of danger, when no interested motive could be ascribed to him. And many were the acts of devotion witnessed in those times.

"And can this be all imposture," said Anselmo, "as the others would persuade me? Or is it merely a phantom to which so many men of rank and property, of education, abilities, and experience, are willing to sacrifice themselves? Are they all idiots or impostors? Have I been myself the tool of delusion till now? No! something tells me too strongly that this cannot be. There may be a mixture of worldly interest in the part which the members of this devoted church have taken in the conflict, but surely there must be sincerity in the zeal with which they, defenceless individuals, withstand the will of him whom all the bayonets of Europe could not overpower. And this zeal too is not violent, outrageous, fanatical; it is cool, collected, and resigned. Can this conscientious firmness be given but by a firm conviction of the justice of the cause one supports? And surely the enemies of the Church of Rome could not have chosen a worse time than this to justify their outrages, when the Pontiff, who is at the head of it, has general opinion in his favour—when he, by the fame of his virtues, and by his immaculate conduct during his pontificate, has won the respect of the whole Christian world, and commands even now that of the very ministers of Napoleon's will.'—Vol. ii. p. 244—246.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE POPE.

'And indeed Pius, during the eight years of his troubled pontificate, had effected many useful improvements in the country over which he ruled. His impoverished finances, his limited and precarious situation, the inveterate habits of the people, the old forms and routine of church government, his own scrupulous and gentle nature, the prejudices of some of his advisers, had prevented him doing

more. However, he enacted laws to bind the great proprietors of the immense untilled lands of the Campagna to cultivate their estates, or to give up, for a moderate retribution, those which they could not cultivate; he allowed premiums for the plantations of trees; he completed the *cadastro* of the Roman provinces, begun by his predecessors, and fixed upon its basis the rate of a moderate land-tax, in lieu of the arbitrary contributions which were enacted before: he abolished the unjust exemptions of the upper classes, and made every one contribute in proportion to the wants of the State; he enforced a rigid economy in the expenses of his household, and of the different departments of the administration; he established manufactures of wool and cotton in the different work-houses for the poor; he instituted an office of *ipoteche*, or register for mortgages, for the security of capitalists, and the assistance of land-owners and speculators: he ordered excavations at Rome and Ostia; he repurchased several objects of the arts of which Rome had been plundered, and which were still to be recovered; he withdrew from circulation the base coin which had been issued during the revolutionary wars, and which, being enormously depreciated, was a source of the greatest distress to the poor classes, and replaced it by standard silver and gold, which operation cost the treasury a million and a half of dollars; he issued the bull *post diuturnas*, in which a complete plan of public economy, and of reform of the courts of justice and of the criminal laws, was laid down, a plan which, from the disturbed state of the times, was but imperfectly followed.

These were some of the public acts of the upright Pius, when in the plenitude of his power. When, after years of vexations, and when insults after insults had been heaped on him by the very man whom he had obliged at the risk of disobliging the rest of Europe, his calm firmness, his dignified remonstrations, and his pious resignation, did not produce any effect on the iron soul of the Conqueror, Pius evinced a hopeless tenacity in supporting what he consider-

ed the rights of his See; this was in part the effect of the ungenerous treatment he had received, which made him mistrust the man who had repeatedly and bitterly disappointed him. When in consequence of Napoleon's decree of May, 1809, which took away the remaining provinces and the city of Rome from the Pontiff, the latter excommunicated the Emperor and those who assisted him in this last spoliation, even then Pius mitigated the sentence, and explained clearly that it was a mere spiritual punishment to bring the offender to repentance, and by no means intended to excite the people to revolt. He denied (and that was a great step for a Pope) that Sovereigns can be deposed by the church of Rome; and he declared that their subjects cannot be freed from their oath of fidelity by the pontifical authority; that if, in former times, some Popes had freed the subjects of Sovereigns from their oath of allegiance, this had been generally after the said Sovereigns had already been deposed by the states and the magnates of the kingdom, and therefore only a confirmation of the deposition decreed and already effected by the competent authority, in the same manner as the consecration of Sovereigns by the Popes or Bishops is only a confirmation, in the name of the Supreme Being, of the election already made on earth by men; that these were the tenets of the Roman church; that he, Pius, was not ignorant that these tenets had been sometimes abused or misconstrued; that this is the common lot of every institution in this world, and that, therefore, the Roman See was not averse from moderate reforms which might be required by particular times. He stated also, that if Pius VI. his predecessor, when dragged away from Rome by the French republicans, had given leave to his subjects to tender the oath of fidelity to the new government, this was meant in a sense purely temporal; besides which, that Pontiff had to deal with the Directory, a government which did not acknowledge the Catholic church, and therefore was not obedient to its laws; whilst he, Pius VII., had to do with Napoleon, who

had submitted himself to the authority of the Roman church by the act of his coronation, and who had ever since assumed the character of the eldest son of the church, and therefore was amenable to its laws.

'Such were the sentiments of Pius VII., sentiments which deserve to be recorded as the most explicit and liberal ever proclaimed by the Roman

church. Upon these the Pope took his stand, and from these no human force, no threats, no privation, no length of captivity could make him swerve. Whatever be the opinions of men, when they are so sincerely, so conscientiously, so scrupulously, and so disinterestedly supported, they deserve respect.'—Vol. ii. p. 256—260.

MARIAN.

Oh! stranger, hie to yonder glen;
Here, take this tress of hair, and, when
Thou seest poor Marian's father (thou
Wilt know him by his furrowed brow),
Tell him his Marian wore that tress;
But speak not of her wretchedness!

A false one to our cottage came,
And Marian learned to love his name:
He practised with successful art
On her too, too, confiding heart:
He won that heart; nor did he cease
His suit till he destroyed its peace.

Such fond impassioned words there hung
Upon his all-persuasive tongue,
That when, in accents soft, they broke,
Ev'n to my heart that language spoke;—
Then ask me not or when or where
I listened to a lover's prayer.

He found me in my hour of pride,—
My name with purity allied;—
He left me in my hour of shame,
A creature with a guilty name;—
And yet they call me 'Marian' still—
Ah! they may call me what they will.

One night, as, lone and desolate
I brooded o'er my wretched state,
And thought of where my childhood strayed,
The cottage where so oft I've played,
I cursed—but then my brain was wild—
I cursed the father of my child!

It was a dreadful crime—but worse
The crime that could extort the curse
I thought then of my father,—he,
Perchance, had breathed his curse on me!—
And felt my poor lost baby rest
Its head on my abandoned breast.

Ah! stranger, hie to yonder glen;
Here, take this tress of hair, and, when
Thou seest poor Marian's father (thou
Wilt know him by his furrowed brow),
Tell him his Marian wore that tress;
But speak not of her wretchedness.

Dublin.

C. OF.

FOREIGN AID VERSUS NO POPERY.

ONCE more, my dear Bull, allow me to take hold of your button. The earth has concluded its annual course around the 'god of day' since last I addressed you through 'The Dublin and London;' and, though the advice I then gave you must have had considerable influence on your conduct, I am sorry to find that bad men are now endeavouring to counteract my good counsel. But, my dear John, I have your interest at heart—am sincerely your friend—and therefore expect, at least, a patient hearing for what I have to unfold. I have already proved that England ought to emancipate the Irish Catholics; and that, if she do not, I, at least, would not answer for the consequence. A Mr. Wilson, who seems to be the *Fountain* head of bigotry in Yorkshire, thinks, or appears to think, differently. He has proclaimed the No-Popery yell, and, no doubt, the intolerant cry will be echoed by thousands. All who fatten on the exclusive system will assail your prejudices; and, having awakened your bad passions, they will industriously try to lull your apprehensions to repose, and turn your credulity to their own interests. If you be wise, you will disappoint them; if you be just, you will not listen to their misrepresentations; and, that you may be prepared with reasons for your conduct, let us proceed to view the state of the case with minds disposed to seek the truth, and, when found, to adhere to it.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are twenty-one million inhabitants; seven million, at least, of these are Roman Catholics. Thus one-third of his majesty's subjects are degraded, oppressed, and insulted, by the other two-thirds; they are excluded from nearly every situation in the country, to which either emolument or confidence is attached; and, as they are viewed by those in power with jealousy and suspicion, they labour under peculiar difficulties in every walk of life. They are, as it were, a proscribed race in the land of their birth; and the cross which they make on their foreheads serves, in a Christian country, only as a brand of infamy. The evils under which

they labour are not imaginary; they are real, grinding, and heart-burning; for we find Catholics rigidly excluded, either by law or the spirit of government, not only from both houses of parliament, but from the following, among other situations of honour and profit:

Offices and stations of trust	- -	800
Minor government situations	- -	20,000
Law offices	- - - - -	3,500
Offices in the army and navy	-	20,000
Municipal offices	- - - - -	9,000
Total		53,300

I shall not trouble you with the data on which the above is made; but I can assure you that the sum-total is considerably within the number of offices from which the Catholics are excluded. Is it rational, therefore, to suppose that these men will be contented under existing circumstances? Is it rational to suppose that they will not exert every means in their power to break down the barriers of exclusion, and open to themselves and children the paths of emolument and honour? Were they to hug the chain, and stupidly repose beneath indignity and wrong, we might pity, but could not sympathize with them; though, even then, a question would arise whether it were not policy to unbind their fetters and awaken their energies for their advantage of their country. But the Catholics, notwithstanding the iron laws which bind them, have breathed the air of freedom—their dungeon doors have been thrown open; and, though denied egress, they have experienced enough of liberty to make them desire unqualified emancipation. You cannot blame them for this; they are only doing what you would do yourself under similar circumstances; and which, were they not to do, they would be proving themselves, in some measure, to be deservedly degraded. The hope of redress makes them 'bear the ills they have' with comparative patience; but perpetual disappointment must in the end produce irritation, and compel them to seek other and less legitimate channels of procuring justice.

'Tis true, John, that fourteen million of Protestants, as the *Times*

newspaper says, are twice as strong as seven million of Catholics; and that they, the said Protestants, should not allow themselves to be bullied. Very true, John; but the editor of the *Times*, perhaps, like Demosthenes, notwithstanding all his blustering, would be the first to run away at the approach of danger. Of your courage I have not the least doubt; and I am quite sure that the Protestants of these kingdoms, in a pitched battle, would prove more than a match for the Catholics; but I dare say the Papists, as you call them, will not thus risk their all at one blow; and, unfortunately for the exclusionists, they are not regularly distributed through the kingdom. They have concentrated nearly the whole of their forces in one part of the empire; and that part the most convenient in the world for acting on the defensive, and for obtaining assistance. Their habitations are inaccessible, except by sea; and the same elements which would bring their invaders would also waft thither their friends. Besides all this, John, certain folks amongst them, both Catholics and Protestants, have got republican notions in their heads, and foolishly fancy that Ireland would be much happier if an independent state. Six centuries of wrongs have given them a pretty fair idea of English justice; and if the No-Popery cry be once more raised in England by Fountayne Wilson and his stupid supporters, upon my word I would not ensure you Irish loyalty, notwithstanding the speculation mania, at ninety per cent.

But your ignorance of Ireland, and of the hardships to which the Catholics are there exposed, leaves you accessible to every interested statement of the exclusionists; and, as your hereditary prejudices are by no means favourable either to Paddy or his religion, you either refuse to sympathize with Irish suffering, or at least you remain neuter in the cause of one-third of your fellow-subjects. To say or do nothing is certainly better than to say and do what is wrong: but the time is now come when you cannot impose silence on yourself, without offending against that paramount duty which you owe to your country.

Ireland has seven millions of inha-

bitants, six millions of whom are Catholics. These men adhere strictly to the creed of their fathers; and we have every reason to suppose that they do so conscientiously, since their fidelity, in this respect, subjects them to so many grievances. This may be a subject of regret to Protestant England: but such is the fact; and, if we dismiss all prejudice from our minds, it is not at all wonderful that Catholicism prevails to such an extent in these kingdoms.

'The members of the Roman Catholic communion,' says a Protestant bishop, 'may say, that their religion was that of their forefathers; and had the actual possession of men's minds, before the opposite opinions had even a name—that, having continued it through such a length of time, it would be objected to them with an ill grace, that this was the effect of invention or design; because it was not likely that all ages should have the same purposes, or that the same doctrine should serve the different ends of several ages. This prescription, moreover, rests upon the grounds, that truth is more ancient than falsehood; and that God would not, for so many ages, have forsaken his Church, and left her in error.'

'To this antiquity of doctrine is annexed an uninterrupted succession of their bishops from the apostles; and particularly of their supreme bishop, St. Peter, whose personal prerogatives were so great; and the advantageous manner in which many eminent prelates of other sees have expressed themselves with regard to the church of Rome. This prerogative includes the advantages of monarchy, and the constant benefits which are derived from that form of government.'

'Nor does the multitude and variety of people who are of this persuasion, their apparent consent with elder ages, and their agreement with one another, form a less presumption in their favour. The same conclusion must be inferred, from the differences which have arisen amongst their adversaries—the casualties which have happened to many of them—the oblique and sinister proceedings of some, who have left their communion.'

'To these negative arguments the

Catholic adds those of a more positive kind; the beauty and splendour of the Church of Rome; her solemn service; the stateliness and magnificence of her hierarchy; and the name of CATHOLIC, which she claims as her own due, and to concern no other sect of Christianity. It has been their happiness to be instrumental to the conversion of many nations. The world is witness to the piety and austerity of their religious orders; to the single life of their priests and bishops; the severity of their fasts and observances; the great reputation of many of their clergy for faith and sanctity—and the known holiness of some of those persons, whose institutes the religious orders follow.'

I am no theologian, John, but still I know enough of human nature to consider the above very rational. But the great cause of Catholic zeal and numbers may perhaps with equal certainty be traced to political causes, independent of the abstract merit of particular creeds. The history of penal enactments is rather a long and disagreeable one. Irish Catholics, at the period of the Reformation, were the political enemies of this country, and consequently were not likely to embrace a new religion, however excellent, which was recommended by their oppressors. Your forefathers, however, Mr. Bull, were so enamoured with the new creed, that they wished to make poor Paddy feel its happy influence even against his inclination. The mere Irish were obstinate, and refused to be dragooned into a new road to Heaven. They preferred the old and beaten path, and have continued to walk there still, sooner than join their opponents on the reformed causeway. To punish them, or perhaps to save their souls, act followed act, until the penal code became plethoric, and consequently inoperative. The accumulated evil has recently been somewhat mitigated; but enough, God knows! remains to make a wise Catholic mad.

'The Catholics in Ireland,' says an Irish barrister,* 'are by law completely subjected to the Protestants—and delivered over to their exclusive domination and disposal, in all affairs of property, liberty, and life.

'In the Protestants, *solely and effectually*, are vested all powers of imposing taxes upon the Catholics, for public and general purposes, and indeed for every purpose—of enacting and altering laws of every description, at their free will and pleasure, for the regulation and control of the Catholics in all particulars—of expounding them—of executing them with all the civil and military force of the land:—of occupying all offices in the army and navy of the empire: that is to say, of exercising full command and authority over five hundred thousand armed men in the public pay—and finally, of compelling the Catholics to defray the far greater part of the enormous charges, salaries, and emoluments, attached to this immense multitude of lucrative situations.

'The laws even descend, from powers of a public and general nature, to the local and minute powers residing in the government of each city and town—chase the Catholic from all participation in these powers, and clothe each individual Protestant citizen with the same immediate authority over the Catholic citizen, that the Protestant community at large enjoy (through the legislature, army, navy, judicial and executive offices of the law, and various other stations) over the Catholic community throughout these realms.

'The jealous and domineering spirit penetrates still farther, and with insatiable avidity. We trace it in the lesser subdivision of society into parishes; investing the Protestants in each parish with a monopoly of power over the Catholics—rigidly excluding the latter (for instance) from parish vestries, and inflicting upon them a burdensome land-tax, fluctuating at discretion—disqualifying them from checking or interfering in the expenditure of the parish estate or income, yet compelling them to supply its annual deficiencies—imposing upon them arduous parochial offices, yet disabling them from voting at parochial elections.

'The Catholic is prohibited from exercising the valuable right of having or using arms, in the defence of his person, his family, dwelling, or pro-

* Statement of the Penal Laws.

perty, unless he possesses a certain property, and conforms to certain statutable regulations—whilst the Protestant, however deficient in property or character, is allowed to riot without restraint in the enjoyment of this great privilege—an inequality of rights, which frequently produces lamentable instances of aggression and outrage, especially in the northern and western districts of Ireland!

‘The laws cherish an ungenerous spirit of insult, which exacts from all Catholics (through the medium of qualification tests) the humiliating duty of disclaiming and disavowing, upon oath, ignominiously, in public courts, various disloyal, faithless, superstitious, and murderous principles—thus presupposing them to hold tenets, of which even the suspicion may attach infamy.

‘Finally, these penal laws, by their very existence and necessary influence, stigmatize the Catholics as an inferior race, unfit for trust or power, marked for the scorn, derision, and opprobrium of mankind—and thus the helpless and unprotected condition of the Catholics hourly invites spurns and oppression.’

‘Under this dreadful system,’ says the same author, ‘no hope of quiet or of concord can remain for Ireland; no prospect of honourable security for the throne or the empire.’ Can you, for an instant, doubt this, John? Can you believe that men actuated by your own spirit of independence will submit to perpetual oppression? or can you be silly enough to listen to those who say things must remain as they are? The exclusionists—the No-Popery faction—admit that the Catholics are entitled to all the privileges of the state, were their principles compatible with the security of the empire. I have already proved that their admission to their rights could not possibly injure either the church or the state, and whoever undertakes to controvert my arguments must be either a fool or a hypocrite,—a man either blinded by prejudices, or inaccessible to reason. At all events the experiment should be made. The Catholics should have a fair trial, and, if found to be undeserving, let them then, if possible, be excluded.

But, my dear Bull, the Irish Catho-

lics can no longer be excluded with safety. Their complaints have reached the furthestmost ends of the earth; and, while the opinion once entertained throughout Europe of English tolerance is sadly depreciated, the Continental powers are calculating on Ireland as a place where, in case of war, an irreparable wound could be inflicted on Great Britain. Your newspapers talk of the re-enactment of the penal code. Silly men! they little know of what they speak. In Ireland there are six million souls closely united by the most forcible of all bonds—a sense of political and religious wrong. So intimate is the connexion between them, that a contact with the remotest member is instantly felt by all. These men are certainly as hardy, brave, and resolute, as any in Europe. Your peasantry are decidedly inferior to them in a physical point of view; and, from the nature of their employment, they are capable of being organized into active soldiers in less time than the news of a revolt would be crossing St. George’s Channel. More than a million men are now scattered through the country, who wait but a popular call to start up into an armed body; for whoever tells you that the Catholic peasantry of Ireland are loyal, intends to deceive you. It is not in the nature of things that they should reverence the laws or respect the government; and, though they are now in a quiescent state, who can say how long they will continue so? They are in the anticipation of emancipation, and, if that measure is granted, you may calculate on their fidelity; but refuse it, and give to that refusal a permanent appearance, and then I dare not say what may happen. God forbid that ever these islands should be severed from each other! God forbid that ever Irishmen should be under the necessity of raising their arms against the forces of England! but if John Bull be dead to justice—if he have no feeling for his suffering fellow subjects—and if he is obstinate in refusing redress to those he has wronged—he will deserve the consequences which must flow from his tyranny and folly.

On you, John, depend the security of the British Empire and the happiness of Ireland; for, if you be silly

enough to swell the No-Popery cry which is now attempted to be raised, you will furnish the Eldons and Liverpools with an apology for refusing the Catholics emancipation, and thereby provoke the Irish people to madness. Events may strangely accelerate this state of things. A war with France in all likelihood would bring a foreign army to the Irish shore; and, should such a circumstance take place while the people are smarting under existing wrongs and recent insults, can any rational man calculate on the consequence? At such a moment every state and condition is confounded, and those who would resist the tide would be swept away in the fury of the popular flood. Partial success would secure the co-operation of the wavering, and the hopes of triumph would give confidence to the timid. The Catholic aristocracy would undoubtedly at first oppose revolt, because it would be their interest; but let things wear a favourable aspect, and could you rely on them; for we must not forget that they are men. The circumstances which would operate on Catholics of property would have their influence on Catholics in the army and navy; and, supposing these to be one-third of our forces, what would become of our defence in case of desertion? In supposing the possibility of an Irish

Rebellion, (which Heaven avert!) we must not forget that we would have to contend with others, besides an undisciplined peasantry. France would quickly pour in her forces; and, though Ireland should ultimately become a dependant of the Great Nation, England in the mean time must fall, as other empires have fallen before here.

In case of national war and domestic treason, Ireland might rashly calculate on foreign aid. The French have already intimated such a thing; and a document has been published within these few weeks, which shows that the Green Isle has friends in the new world. It would be a curious thing to see America doing by-and-by for Ireland what England is now doing for Greece—raising loans and subscriptions to support the disaffected. Such a thing is not impossible. England has set the example; let her not be the cause of the precedent being acted upon by other nations against herself.

In conclusion, my dear Bull, I put it to your good sense whether you will indulge in the No-Popery cry, and run the risk of losing Ireland; or do an act of policy and justice, and thereby consolidate this great empire in an indissoluble bond of mutual interests and political sentiments?

Z. Z.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O PHILOMELA! many a rhyme
I've read of thee from Albion's clime;
Minstrels of cottage, bower, and hall,
Olden and new, have praised thee, all:
They say thine is the sweetest song
That mellow throats can pour along;
And that thou likest not the day,
The sun's broad glare or noontide ray;
But, when the moon is bright above,
Each note of thine then melts with love.
Why dost not visit Erin's isle?
Who would not greet thee with a smile?
Think not unheard would be thy song
Our lone and woody glens among;
When towns are still and think of rest,
Within these glens fond lips are prest;
At thy calm hour fond lovers meet,
Young eyes admire, and young hearts beat:
Such eyes, such lips, such hearts, I ween,
As even there thou hast not seen.
Then come, and hither wing thy flight,
And we will listen with delight!

O.

THE MAGIC RING.

THE success which the Baron de la Motte Fouqué's novels have met with in their English dress has not in any instance been proportioned to their intrinsic merit. This may be readily accounted for by any one who has considered the difference between the English and German character; and although the popularity of this ingenious author is in his own country deservedly of the most extensive description, it is almost impossible that the generality of English readers can relish or understand those peculiarities which make him so great a favourite with the Germans. The romance of 'Undine' is that which is best known in England—perhaps the others, which have been very ably translated, are hardly known at all. Even in that wild and delightful story there are many things which the English reader passes over without understanding; while the parts he likes best only convey to his mind a dim and indistinct sense of gratification. This is partly to be attributed to the peculiar tone of feeling and expression of the author, and partly to the untranslatable simplicity of many of the German phrases which he employs—some of which are of his own invention. But the chief cause that seems to doom the baron's labours to obscurity in their English dress is, that they do not accord with any of our ordinary notions; and are as much foreign to our conceptions when they have been translated, as they were in their original German. For this reason we wonder that it has been thought worth while to send out a version of another of his novels; and, although it is one of the best he has produced, we can hardly expect that it will have any greater success with the public than its predecessors.

'The Magic Ring' refers to what may be called the earliest period of modern chivalry; that is to say, the crusade under Richard Cœur de Lion; and yet the author has not scrupled to introduce all the superstitions and fictions, which are more commonly supposed to belong to a more remote and fabulous time. The subject of the tale relates to the adventures of a young knight, Sir Otto

January, 1826.

von Trautwangen, who is vowed to recover a magic ring for the Lady Gabrielle de Portamour. The history of this ring is not very satisfactorily made out; but this, in the opinion of the author, does not seem to be necessary. It is enough for his purpose that this ring can set all his *dramatis personæ* together by the ears; and, having fairly embarked the hero on his adventures, he leaves him to be carried on by the current of fortune. It is not our purpose here, nor would our limits permit of it, to trace those adventures. They are of the wildest and strangest nature that can be imagined; and resemble, very strongly, the old heroic romances, the Amadis, and the Palmerins, and the other volumes which the barber and curate passed judgment on in the library of the Knight of La Mancha. Occasionally there are introduced episodes and passages of great tenderness and beauty, which relieve the more fierce and warlike tone that predominates through the volumes; and in these the baron shows very considerable skill. One of them, which, from its nature, is well adapted for an extract, and which is a fair specimen of the feature we have alluded to, is here subjoined. It is related by an Italian merchant to some warriors, whom he meets at an hotel:

'It may be about twenty-five or thirty years since there lived, in my native town of Milan, a young maiden, who was not only amiable in temper, but such a paragon of beauty, as only some great master in painting, or sculpture, could imagine in a summer night's dream. At the same time she was modest, quiet, retired, and humble; though, notwithstanding this disposition, as a diamond will shine even amid the deepest shade, she became known and admired through the whole town, under the name of the beautiful Lisberta. This flower of the Milanese damsels was one day invited to make her appearance, adorned with garlands and in festal attire, at a religious procession, in order that her extraordinary charms might heighten its effect on beholders; and, as she considered this but

as the fulfilment of a pious duty, she agreed to the request which had been urged upon her. She, therefore, adorned herself in the best manner with the richest dress, flowers, jewels, rings, and gold chains,—finishing her toilette, however, long before the procession was ready to commence; so that, having some time at her own disposal, and invited by the pleasant fragrant air of spring, she resolved to take a walk in the garden, which had been tastefully laid out round her father's house, who was one of the richest men in Milan.

‘On her way through the long avenues and shady walks, wherein were the rarest fruit-trees and flowering plants, she came to the borders of a lake clear as crystal, which lay there like a sleeping beauty in the arms of the green thickets by which it was environed. As if bound by magic spells to the spot, she stood on the water's brink, looking at her reflected image, in all her pomp of dress and glittering jewels; so that, like the fabulous Narcissus of old, she could not help wondering at her own attractions. At last, she forced herself, by a kind of vehement effort, to fix her eyes on the real objects by which she was surrounded, in order that she might escape from the delusions of the watery mirror, and thus became aware of something among the grass, which glittered like burnished gold and silver. Glad of aught that could divert her attention, and desirous to know what extraordinary meadow-flower this could be that shone so brightly, she hastened to the spot, and found, to her great surprise, that it was a highly polished sword, with a golden hilt, a scabbard bound with silver, and altogether of a most elegant fashion. She took it up, as if it had been a mere toy, notwithstanding the terror which she usually entertained of such warlike instruments; nay, she even drew it half out of the sheath, and wondered to find that her features were now reflected in greater beauty from the polished steel than they had been before from the water, while at the same time she felt less apprehension and perplexity. Alas! poor Lisberta, thou hadst then unwittingly the

means of thine own destruction in thy hands, which, like a merciless sickle, was to cut down thy life and happiness like a May flower in bloom! Though the sword alone would not cause such misfortune, yet thou wert destined to fall the victim of him by whom it was usually worn and wielded.

‘From amid the verdant thickets, stepped forward a knight in full armour,—no longer a youth, but yet not old, and with such indescribable heroic dignity in his person and demeanour, that, on his appearance, the beautiful Lisberta, from an involuntary emotion of respect, had almost fallen on her knees before him. “Fairest of damsels,” said the knight, “beware of wounding yourself with that sharp-edged weapon. Far rather would I see my heart's blood streaming from my veins, than even the slightest drop from these snow-white hands!” Thereupon, with the greatest respect, he took from her the sword, placing it again in the belt by his side, and before he had time to say more, the servants came into the garden, calling aloud for Lisberta, as the procession had already begun. The shy timid girl hastily made a sign to the knight that he should withdraw, and, after a respectful obeisance, he disappeared immediately through the green hedges by which the garden was enclosed.

‘How confusedly the procession, the singing of the choir, and the applause of the multitude, were blended and lost to the senses of Lisberta, I need not further describe; besides, my heart bleeds to think of the fate which awaited the poor victim; and thus I have dwelt too long on the circumstances of her early life, well knowing how melancholy were the events that attended her afterwards. From this point then allow me to proceed more quickly towards the end.

‘In the evening after the festival, when she was sitting lost in thought at her window, the declining sun shone so brightly and beautifully, that she could not help observing one of her favourite flowers,—a tall and slender plant, which had broke loose from the rushes with which it had been tied up, and now hung down from the veranda towards the terrace-

walk below. On her endeavouring to restore the plant to its former station, she observed a figure passing through the garden, in which she recognised but too plainly the knight with whom she had spoken in the morning,—the owner of that brightly gleaming sword. In all haste she tied up the flower, and would have retreated; but what was her surprise to find a letter attached thereto, which no doubt had been the work of that mysterious wanderer. On unfolding and reading it, she indeed found that it was a love-letter from him, and that he was a renowned knight from a distant country, who, in the town of Milan, was known by the name of Signor Ugucione, and of whose warlike exploits and amiable conduct she had already heard many wonderful stories. Her heart, therefore, which was already moved in his favour, soon yielded, when she thought of the high praises that had been bestowed on him. The blooming plant was ere long loosed again from its support, and sent down with her love-embassy, in reply to that which she had received;—and soon after returned with another from Ugucione. In this way salutations went and came, till at last Lisberta herself went down by moonlight by the private staircase which led into the garden; for in the night hours she was sure that no one would come to disturb their conversation.

'It happened, after some time, however, that though Lisberta's letters were sent down as usual, yet no one came thither to take them from their verdant envelope. When she drew up the plant, she found them, alas! unopened. At last she began to make inquiries after Ugucione, and learned that many days ago he had vanished, in a manner most unaccountable, from Milan. Yet every night the unfortunate damsel used to bend the plant down as usual to the terrace, and if she drew it up and found no letter, she always wept bitterly. This was continued so long, that at last by such continual grief, her heart was broken. After her death and funeral, a lady who had won her confidence made the fatal flower be planted on her grave; and I have often beheld it there, spread-

ing its green shade and fragrance over that lonely and mournful place.'

There is something in the simple manner of telling this story which to our thinking is extremely delightful. The skill with which the picture is drawn, the tasteful manner in which what painters call the accessories (those little circumstances of her dress, and the flowers in her garden,) are described, is at once artless and powerful; and the touching termination of this tale of ill-starred love combine to form a beautiful gem in the work to which it belongs.

But the baron seems to delight most in the more warlike part of his romance. His descriptions of the horses and armour are given with a vivid feeling which would be enough to announce him a soldier, if his honourable deeds in arms were not already known to the world. We doubt whether any man can be compared with him in this respect; among modern writers we know of none. Even *the Great Unknown*, excellent as he is in this style, and superior as he is to the baron in many other and more important qualifications, must yield to him in his description of battles. Some of the old chroniclers, who had witnessed and acted in the scenes they described, may indeed be said to stand in the same rank with him; but neither Froissart, nor Olivier de la Marche, nor the good Marshal de Montlue, can be said to have far surpassed him.

The author has made a very extensive and judicious use of the early superstitions of the northern nations. In the character of Arinbiorn he has introduced one of the Vikings, or sea-kings, who ravaged the whole of the coasts of Europe, while the art of navigation, which they had discovered by their own mere daring, was known to themselves alone. The singular notions which prevailed among the descendants of Odin are all brought naturally enough into the narrative, and serve to vary it in a very agreeable manner. Returning to Germany, he has not forgotten the traditions of the Harz Forest. The Goddess Freya, and the Wild Huntsman Hakelnberg, are engaged in fierce conflict, and the knights of the romance take a share in the strife. To

make the matter complete, and to give it all that is wanting to a purely German story, a *doppel-ganger*, a fac-simile of the Hero Otto, is introduced.

At the same time that we say we have been very agreeably employed in the perusal of these volumes, we confess that we should be rather embarrassed if we were obliged to give a good critical reason for the pleasure we have enjoyed. The work is a sort of phantasmagoria; and, filled as it is with a succession of shapes, sometimes beautiful, sometimes horrid, now fierce, and now soothing, accompanied by sounds of melody and power, still all is dim, shadowy, and un-

earthly. The reader is carried on irresistibly by the fascinations which it contains; his mind is delighted, but at the same time bewildered; and he rises from the perusal like one who has been under the influence of opium, having an indistinct remembrance of the most pleasurable sensations, but at the same time somewhat exhausted and confused. To enjoy such a book requires a peculiar temperament: we confess that we have enjoyed it very much; but, as we are not sure that our readers possess exactly the same taste in this respect with ourselves, we do not insist on their reading any more of the 'Magic Ring' than they like.

STANZAS.

'Heu nemquam fidelis!'

FEW years have passed since first I gazed
Upon thy bright blue eye,
Whose winning charms such feelings raised
In my rapt soul—that, through the sky,
No star shone out with such excess
Of light as did my tenderness;
For which I get but perfidy:
I fed the glowing, burning, fire
By day and night—my heart the pyre '
But thou wert false!—and in thy heart
Remained no throb of love for me;
My hopes were wreck'd—the undying smart
Corroded all—save memory.
Yes! thus Love's joys all fade away;
Its woes—immortal—ne'er decay:
The passion's purer glow will flee,
But goading thoughts will still remain,
And recollection bring but pain.
'Tis past! and we will meet no more;
'Twere better we had never met.
With fruitless tears thou may'st deplore
My love,—I too can ne'er forget:
My heart too deeply will record
Thy plighted faith—thy broken word—
Which in its core are set:
For nothing ever can restore
The bliss so sweet—so quickly o'er.
But now, farewell!—why should I grieve
That thou wert false as fair?
Why mourn for one who thus could leave
A fond heart to despair?
That heart with love for thee was fraught;
Deceived and rent—it owes thee nought,
Save thoughts it will not share;
Its present feelings here are shown—
Contempt and scorn are all thine own.

Fermoy.

SHOLTO.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.*

THIS work has just been completed; and the concluding parts more than justify the opinions we have already expressed respecting the former. Indeed Cruikshank seems to have improved upon himself as he proceeded; for, admirable as the six first illustrations were, they are, in our opinion, surpassed by those which embellish the latter parts. At another time we shall take an opportunity of commenting more at large upon the works of this great artist; and, as the plates in the volume before us are certainly not the least attractive of his productions, we shall defer our detailed opinion of their respective merits until then.

Of the author of 'Greenwich Hospital' it must be needless for us to say any thing by way of encomium. We have not only already endeavoured to do justice to his talents, but our pages have been enriched by some inimitable pieces from his pen. We cannot, however, conclude, without extracting another sketch; and, for many reasons, we select

'MICHAEL O'BUCKLEY.'

'Why as for the matter o' that, what tar is there who doubts it? Every man must have his station, whether he is rigged in the gingerbread gear of lord high admiral, and has his thousands per hang-em, or only obliged to make a shift with a single purser's shirt. What does it signify, as long as he does his duty to his country, and stretches out a fin to relieve a friend in distress? We can't all be kings and commodores, and so what's the use of grumbling? 'cause, as Jack says,

"If you're signior, and I'm signior—
Then who's to pull the boat ashore?"

Who, indeed? Now, d'ye see, I have been in the little boat all my life, going to leeward like smoke; for fortune, like a pig with its starn greased, always slipped through my fingers, and adversity took me slap aback, stand upon what tack I would. But don't think I mean to snivel or whine about it—Lord love you, no; where's the good on't? I might bawl a long

while before any body would jam my mouth with a twopenny loaf, and pipe my eye for a month without getting a bit of 'bacca for my pipe. No, no; old Ben arn't the boy to up-helm at every squall, when, by keeping his luff, he can weather it, as our parson used to tell us—(I dearly loved to hear him overhaul a power of lingo about the Hit-tights, and the Cannon-ites, and the story of Johnny swallowing the whale);—he used to say, says he, "My men, let Truth take the helm, Prudence trim your sails, and, with the compass of Honesty, enlightened by the lamp of Religion, hard indeed must be that gale, and horribly dark that night, in which Providence ceases to protect you. Your hulls may be wrecked, and your timbers shattered; but the immortal passenger within must and shall be safely landed in the haven of eternal rest." To be sure, some people float along the stream of time without encountering a single peril. They find it all plain sailing, and never have occasion to take in a reef, while others are constantly struggling against the squalls of distress, scarcely able to keep to windward off a lee shore. This often puzzles me, seeing, d'ye mind me, that the same gracious Providence watches for all. But, mayhap, it's right enough, for I arn't much skilled in the matter; and as for preaching about it, why that's out of my latitude altogether.

'Some are born great, others achieve greatness; and I remember one poor fellow of an Irishman who wanted to be great in a hurry. I belonged to the guard-ship at that time lying at Plymouth, and the impressed men and volunteers used to be sent aboard for the regulating captains to dispose of. Well, one day the new hands were all mustered aft, and the boatswain's mate stood ready with his clasp-knife to dock off the tails of the long-togged coats, and convert 'em into jackets. Among the rest was Mr. Michael O'Buckley, a tall well-made raw emeralder, who had never seen a ship before in his life, but had been tempted to enter the service

* Greenwich Hospital, or the Life of a Man-of-War's Man. By an Old Sailor. Robins. 1825.

through the promises of a man belonging to the gang.

"Well, my lad," says one of the captains to a respectably dressed young man in deep mourning, and whose face exhibited strong marks of sorrow, occasionally reddened by hectic glows of indignation—"well, my lad, and where did you come from?" "From the grave of a parent," replied the man, in a sunken hollow tone. "What profession are you?" inquired the officer. "A seaman," rejoined the man again. "Ha, ha!" cried another captain, as well known for his inhumanity as his aversion to the smell of powder and the whistling of shot—"ha, ha! I see how it is: so you've been cruising ashore, and got pressed, eh, and now want, with that methodistical countenance, to make us believe you're a saint? But it won't do, young man, it won't do. There, you may walk forward: I'll see that you are taken care of, depend upon it." "Stop, stop a minute, my lord," said the third regulating officer, a venerable old gentleman, whose very look displayed the benevolence of his heart. "Come here, my man—how came you in this awkward situation?" The taunts and harshness of the second captain had shed a deadly paleness upon the poor fellow's features; but when the voice of the third sounded on his ears, he felt it thrill to his heart, and the tears started to his eyes. "Ha! how came you in limbo, eh! my friend? Captain — must hear all about it, and a plausible tale we shall have, no doubt. For my part, I don't see any necessity for being bored with long stories, only to excite compassion; and I hope you will not be long, Captain —, before you have done with him. Only see the number of wretches we have to examine." "As for exciting compassion, my lord," rejoined the hoary veteran, with a look of contempt, "I am afraid every attempt upon you would be ineffectual."—"What," cried his lordship, starting up in a passion, and strutting like a turkey-cock—"what, sir, do you apply that to me? Zounds, sir —" "Come, come, lord —," said the third captain, with the utmost composure, "sit down, sit down: 'm not to be

frightened at my time of life by the explosion of a pinch of gunpowder. Fuzzle and smoke have no effect upon me. Attend to your duty now; we can talk of this afterward.

"There, don't be alarmed, my man," turning to the seaman—"no one shall injure you here while I have power to prevent it. You say you came from the grave of a parent: explain what you mean." He bowed, and with tremulous agitation began:—"My history, sir, is brief; but 'tis full of anguish." "Prithee, my good fellow, don't get sentimental," said his lordship affectedly, and taking a pinch of snuff: "let's have the history by all means, as it will please Captain —; but pray leave out the anguish." "Would to Heaven I could, sir!" replied the man in a voice which made his lordship start; "then, however high my gratitude might be raised by kindness, my spirit wouldn't be wounded by cruelty and oppression particularly." Here he stopped, for his lordship jumped up, and, raising a speaking-trumpet that lay by, aimed a blow at the seaman's head. During the above conversation it was curious to watch the looks of Michael O'Buckley, who seemed intent upon all that passed, yet apparently without being able to comprehend what it was about. Every now and then he would mutter to himself, "Och hone, och hone!" but when he saw the speaking-trumpet upraised, and the blow about falling, he sprang forward, caught his lordship round the middle, and, lifting him over his head, roared out, "Och, by the powers, if you spake a word, I'll brake every bone in your skin, jewel. Blood and oouns, ye coward, d'ye call that fair play to strike a man in the face behind his back?"

'The confusion and astonishment which prevailed on this sudden operation of Mike's it is impossible to describe; while his lordship, pale and trembling, elevated eight feet from the deck, dreaded a total annihilation. "Do spake a word, jewel, and it's down I have you. Arrah bad luck to your mother's son!" The marines, who were exercising on the poop, now came down, and advanced toward the Irishman. "Arrah stand back: och have at your heart, darling! If

you advance, I'll spit him on your skewers." "Come, come, my man," said the third captain, "do you know what you are about?" "Fait, and I do, ould gentleman," replied Mike, "by token"—here he stopped short, with a look expressive of abhorrence and disgust, and, setting his lordship down on the deck, he gave him a kick behind, exclaiming, "Get out o'dat, ye devil's-skin, do!" Away slunk the crest-fallen hero, and Mike was in an instant surrounded and secured. As soon as his lordship saw that the enemy was boarded, he lugged out his sword, and swore a deadly oath that he'd sacrifice him on the spot. "Och, botheration, let me get at him," cried Mike, throwing aside, like children, the marines who held him; "tunder and turf, let me come at him!" The tall athletic figure of the Irishman, free from bondage, decided the matter at once. Away flew his lordship down the companion-hatch, making but one step all the way, and running into the first cabin he came near. The door was instantly locked; but, observing his boat alongside, he jumped out at the port, and shoved off for his own ship.

'Order being again restored, Mike quietly submitted himself, and stood among the rest, between two marines with drawn bayonets. "Now, young man," said the venerable old captain, (who no doubt enjoyed the frolic,) "let me hear what you have to say?" "I scarcely know, sir, what to say: no doubt my fate is sealed. My father, sir, was a master in the navy, and I was the only child of a doting mother:—both are now at rest for ever. My father lost his life on the 1st of June, in the —, seventy-four, under Lord Howe; and my poor mother was reduced to comparative poverty. At a proper age I went to sea in the merchant service, and in a few years was made mate. I now experienced happiness, for my surviving parent, with her pension and my wages, was enabled once more to enjoy not only the necessities, but a few of the luxuries of life. Every prospect was cheerful, and I looked forward with the hope of obtaining a command, until one fatal evening, having landed to pay her a visit, I had just reached the door, when a party of men from the —,"

'At this moment a lieutenant, who had come on board for orders, looked him full in the face, and then, turning to the regulating captains, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, this man is a deserter from the — frigate; his name is George Davis." "'Tis, alas! too true," said George, mournfully, and hanging down his head; when, seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he uttered, with firmness, "No, sir, I'm no deserter, and I shall leave my cause to the generosity and justice of my country; yes, to that country my father died to defend. When I was torn from my mother's door, without even the gloomy satisfaction of bidding her farewell, 'twas against my inclination, and I was forced on board the frigate, which sailed immediately for the West Indies; nor was it till my arrival there that an opportunity occurred for informing her of my situation. After three years' absence we returned, and the first intelligence I heard was that she who gave me being lay at the point of death. I had fondly pictured to myself the pleasure of meeting her in health, and, with the prize money I had gained, endeavouring to smooth her passage to the tomb. She was dying, and I hastily entreated leave of absence to bid her a final adieu, and perform the last sad offices of a son. 'Twas denied me—I had been pressed, and might run away. In vain I urged, implored, and protested; 'twas, indeed, in vain. Goaded almost to madness, in a desperate moment I went overboard, and swam ashore. At midnight I entered my mother's solitary dwelling, closed her dying eyes, and followed her to the grave. Returning back from this mournful scene, the gang took hold of me, and—and I am here."

'This affecting little narrative operated very powerfully upon all who heard it, but more particularly on Mike, who kept mumbling to himself, "Och, by the powers! and d'ye hear that now? Faith, and it's enough to crack the heart of a stone, aghrah!" while every muscle of his face underwent twenty different changes. "You may stand on one side," said the senior regulating captain; "and now bring the prisoner aft."

"Pray, sir, where do you come from?" inquired he, as soon as Mike

stood before him. "Is it meself that you mane?" replied Mike. "Why, then, your honour, niver a word of a lie will I tell you: it's from dare little Ireland I com'd; for a spalpeen tould me, if I entered, I'd be sure to be made a captain directly, or at laste a left-tenant of sea-dragoons. Bad luck to his phiz-hoggy-me; for I suppose there's no captain-ship for me." "Are you aware of what you have committed?" "Och! don't mention it. I'd be proud to do the same any day." The captain smiled. "What is your name?" "Is it me name that you're wanting? fait, den, you'll be troubled to get it: Michael O'Buckley don't tell his name to every body; and sorrow the word you'll get from me, jewel." "I don't know what your opinion may be, my man; but I can only tell you that you are in a fair way to be hanged." "Hanged!" said Mike, with the utmost unconcern: "Och, botheration! and I've no call to it, any how; but if your honour's worship says so, why I suppose it's as good as done." Finding they could make nothing of him, poor Mike was sent down to the aft cock-pit, to be

put in irons. As soon as the bilboes were prepared, he was requested to sit down, which was immediately complied with. "Now," says the master at arms, "put your leg into this shackle." "Divel a shackle you'll make of it, honey," replied Mike; "and if you aint off out o' dat, fait but I'll make you skip like a billy-goat." However, Pat was overpowered by numbers, and his legs secured. In the heat of his passion, Lord — would have written for a court-martial; but, knowing there was a something which he did not wish to be publicly exposed, he *contented* himself with witnessing the punishment of poor Mike at the gangway. Four dozen was his portion, which he took without flinching, merely turning round now and then with an ejaculation of "Och, by the powers!"

George Davis, for the same reason, was not tried; and, by the intercession of the humane old captain, was drafted into his own ship, where he continued, universally esteemed, till the attack upon Copenhagen in 1807, when he died the death of his father, in the service of his country.

NEGLECTED IRISH MELODIES.—NO. I.

Air—'Bynsheen Lougheroo.'

Oh yes—when the bloom shall have fled from thy cheek,
When the beam that is sparkling now in that eye,
Shall have vanished, have gone younger forms to seek,
And each warm throb of pleasure be changed to a sigh:—
When those, who around thee in sunshine have played,
Like the insect that flutters at summer-day's noon,
Will have left thee to pine in the darkening shade
That years of experience will fling o'er thee soon:—

When the friends, who have vowed that their faith would remain
Unshaken and true, let whatever betide;
But whose pledge is deceitful, whose promises vain,
When the dark clouds of woe have their constancy tried—
Like the bird which, as long as the summer's bright beam
Gilds this clime we inhabit, this northern sky,
Enjoys the soft season of love round each stream,
But when winter approaches will far away fly:—

When all have departed, have left thee alone,
To mourn o'er the memory of raptures gone by;
To remember in sorrow the joys once thine own,
And to heave, while rememb'ring, the deep, the sad sigh:—
Oh yes—it is THEN the affection that lives
In this bosom will burn more purely and bright,
From the darkness around; as the torch, which but gives
Half its splendour in day, shines out clearly at night.

Dublin.

M. R. N.

RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ. TO THE EDITOR.

Bedford Square, Dec. 14.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I am completely bewildered! I am dished for ever! But twenty-four hours since, and Bedford Square could not number amongst its inhabitants a happier man than Rory O'Rourke. It would have done your heart good to see the young brood gambling upon the carpet, whilst Mrs. O'Rourke and I were consulting over the fire whether we had better send our two eldest boys to Stoneyhurst, or wait until the London College should be erected. I was for doing the latter, because I had partially made a promise of that nature to my friend Brougham, and because I considered it the least expensive mode of the two. 'Tis true the difference could not be much: but 'many a little makes a mickle,' as Sawney says; and it requires, you must be aware, some management to live in Bedford Square on two thousand a year; and upon my word I have not a farthing more, barring the few hundreds which I expect from the proprietors of the 'Dublin and London.' Mrs. O'Rourke, however, has some apprehension that the London College may not be the best place in the world for a Catholic to study in. Religion is to be there a secondary consideration, or rather no consideration at all; and without something of this sort I fear the pupils will make but indifferent members of society. I was combating these arguments of my dear Amelia, when our friend O'Reilly entered. 'Have you any money in the banks?' says he, with that important air of a man who has some serious advice to give.

'A little,' I replied; 'my last half year's rent is yet untouched in the hands of my banker, but he is quite safe.'

'Indeed!' he returned, 'I'd have you look to it. The city is all in a ferment, and several houses have already closed.'

'The devil they have!' I exclaimed. 'Who are they?'

O'Reilly mentioned several names, among which I heard that of my banker. Amelia turned pale instantly—for her sex feel these things more acutely than we do. 'Run,
January, 1826.

Rory, love; run,' said she, 'and see if that be the case.' I did not require a second bidding, but, snatching up my hat and cane, rushed to the door, upsetting the children's playthings in my way, and in fifteen minutes I was in Cheapside. Here the crowds were almost impassable. Every face wore a look of intense anxiety, and on many was stamped the image of apprehension. It was rather curious to see the sudden metamorphosis which the round good-natured countenance of John Bull had undergone in a few short hours. Instead of the busy bustling look of a man who derived pleasure from the pursuit of business, his face now indicated the utmost fear, and his movements bespoke a man labouring under the effects of a sudden panic. Perhaps I participated in the general feeling. Most certainly I made all possible haste to Lombard Street, and, in my way, obtained the benediction of sundry old women, whose crazy bones came in contact with my elbows. But who shall describe the scene which Lombard Street and the adjacent neighbourhood presented? All the merchants, brokers, clerks, traders, agents, &c. in London seemed to have been collected together in this spot, and, like another Babel, each seemed to have an interest opposite to that of his neighbour. Never before did I see such a picture of confusion worse confounded; for, however orderly your man of money may be in the hours of commercial peace, he is a very elephant when credit is suspended. At a *run* he has no equal; for, though I am rather a formidable man, at least in appearance, I found but little protection against Lilliputian accountants. One fellow, whose head scarcely reached to my elbow, had nearly pushed me into the kennel; and another, still less, stunned me by a thump with a bag of sovereigns. 'Make way, there—make way, there!' was the constant cry; and I found, at length, that, in making way for others, I made no way myself.

Opposite the bank of Curtis and Co. a formidable crowd was collected. I was somewhat surprised, knowing,

whatever others might be, that this house was solvent. I stopped out of curiosity for a few minutes, and, just as I was about to depart, the worthy turtle-loving baronet made his appearance at the door. On his left arm he held a capacious wooden bowl, into which ever and anon he dipped his right hand, which he raised full of sovereigns, and then let the golden shower stream through his fingers. 'If ye *there* gentlemen,' said he, 'want any of this *here* gold, valk in, and don't be stopping up the vay like a mob.' Three cheers followed this, and of course a still greater crowd was collected.

On every side my ears were assailed with 'Is Everett stopped?' 'Does Masterman hold out?' 'Is there a run upon Lubbock?' 'Two more banks gone!' 'Will Pole pay?' 'Is Williams opened again?' To these very contradictory answers were given; and as I saw that no report was to be depended on, I hastened to my banker's, and there, alas! found that I was a ruined man. The partners were inside in consultation, and of course I could not intrude upon them at such a moment.

With a heavy heart I bent my way homewards, considering, as I walked along, of the best manner of breaking the appalling intelligence to Mrs. O'Rourke. My door, it is true, was not filled with gaping creditors, but still I was hourly in the expectation of having some bill presented for payment. What was to be done? I knew of nothing.

Passing by Masterman's, my progress was suddenly arrested. Peace-officers were in attendance; but still their exertions could scarcely preserve order. Well-dressed men were to be seen hanging to the iron railings before the windows, for the purpose of *overlooking* the clerks inside. 'Do they hold out?' 'Are they stopped?' 'Are the clerks still at the counter?' were the questions repeatedly asked, whilst the crowds who rushed in were beyond all calculation. At a little distance, whom should I see but Billy Cobbett, walking about like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches pockets? There was a smile of ineffable satisfaction on his lips, and perhaps he was the only person

in the city—save those who promoted the panic—who felt delighted at the ruin which men's folly was bringing on themselves.

'Well, Mr. Cobbett,' said I, walking up to him, 'what do you think of this business?'

'Think, sir!' he replied, 'I have thought of it long since. In my "Paper against Gold" I have foretold what would happen; and, sir, who can describe my satisfaction this day, when I hear every one exclaiming "COBBETT IS RIGHT! COBBETT IS RIGHT!" The rag-rooks will soon be scattered to the winds—my little pamphlet on "Gold for ever" is worth more than all that ever has been written. The b——y old *Times* has come round to my opinions. It is now fighting my battle—'

Here a rush of the crowd separated me from O'Connell's 'vile vagabond,' who, like the fly in the fable, is vain enough to attribute the *dust* raised by others to himself, and I returned home, secretly cursing commerce, trade, and bankers.

* * * * *

December 17.

All will be well again! Mrs. O'Rourke bore the intelligence with great fortitude, and this day we have been blessed with the happy intelligence of my banker being about to resume payment. The panic has subsided, in spite of the 'b——y old *Times*;' and the money which has been sent in such abundance to the country will return again when confidence is restored through the provincial towns.

In the mean time it may be asked, what caused the late panic? Speculation, says one; Rothschild, says another; while a third insists that it was owing to the *Times* newspaper, for which it is now more than probable that Cobbett writes the leading articles. Whether this last conjecture be true or not, it is quite certain that this 'Cockney Gazette' did all in its power to destroy confidence, and no doubt in part succeeded. For what motives it thus endeavoured to ruin credit, it is beyond my power to guess; but its late insidious display must ultimately sink it in the estimation of all commercial men. Still the opinions put forth by this journal have abet-

tors; and, on a question so important as that which relates to the currency, it is singular what a variety of sentiments prevail among political economists. The bullion committee of 1810 seems to have agreed with Adam Smith, that paper, convertible at will into gold, was the most convenient species of money, and Mr. M'Culloch coincides in this opinion. 'The greatest drawback,' says he, 'attendant on the use of gold and silver as money, consists in the high value of these metals, and in the consequent expense they occasion; and there can be no doubt that a desire to lessen this expense has been one of the chief causes that has induced all highly civilized and commercial nations to fabricate a portion of their money of some less valuable material. Of the various substitutes that have been resorted to for this purpose, paper is, in every respect, the most eligible. By using paper instead of gold, we substitute the cheapest in room of the most expensive currency; and enable society, without loss to any individual, to exchange all the coins which the use of paper money has rendered superfluous, for raw materials or manufactured goods, by the use of which both its wealth and its enjoyments are increased. Ever since the introduction of bills of exchange, almost all great commercial transactions have been carried on by means of paper only. It has also been used to a very great extent in the ordinary business of society. And as paper notes of given denominations may be rendered exchangeable at the pleasure of the holder, for given and unvarying quantities of gold or silver, their value may be maintained on a par with the value of these metals; and all injurious fluctuations in the value of money may be as effectually avoided, as if it consisted wholly of the precious metals.'

Many economists, however, think differently, and insist that the amount of bank-notes in circulation determines the price of all saleable commodities. This is a question of first importance. Joplin, I believe, was the father of this doctrine, and his book contains very forcible illustrations of the theory. Legislators should certainly ascertain the truth, if possible,

on this most serious question, before they make laws affecting the currency. For my own part, I do not believe that where there is a free trade any issue of bank-notes can permanently affect the prices of goods; for, where there is no interruption, prices, like water, will find their level, no matter what may be the distance between different places. I find my views confirmed by a British merchant, the author of a letter to the Right Hon. R. Peel, written in 1819, in answer to the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Bank, then recently presented to the House of Commons by that gentleman, and which letter has been recently republished.

After denying that which the committee appeared to have taken for granted, *viz.* that the prices of goods are affected by the amount of bank-notes in circulation, this intelligent writer thus proceeds:

'It appears by a document inserted in your Appendix, that the Bank Directors do not think your theory true. During the twenty-two years of the restriction their attention has been directed to this point; and, in a full board assembled, they gravely inform the committee of the House of Commons, that they have never been able to perceive that the amount of bank-notes has had any effect on prices.'

'It seems truly hazardous to legislate on a principle, the truth of which is denied by those most competent to form a judgment.'

'In the Report you call bank-notes a measure of value. As there seems to me to be a fallacy in this expression, which lays at the bottom of the subject, I will endeavour to explain it. We have no idea of value in trade, but by means of the figures expressing price; by means of figures the price or value of one thing may be compared with the price or value of another thing, as in the common Price Current, the relative value of all sorts of merchandise is expressed in figures; so that if, in strictness, there can be said to be any measure of value, figures are that measure. Bank-notes and gold, in common with all other things, having just that relative value which their price expresses; it follows, that if bank-

notes were issued here to excess, and were not returnable to the Bank for value, they would fall in price—that is, they would not pass at par. It is because they have always hitherto passed at par, with the denomination of merchants' accounts, that the error arises of calling them the "measure," instead of the figures, for which they are only the mere counters. In all the countries where paper money has fallen in value, its price has expressed that fall.

'In the infancy of trade, before the precious metals were coined, they were bartered by weight, and it is obvious that a greater or less weight of them would exchange for any given thing, in proportion as they were plentiful or scarce. Modern writers on the subject seem to reckon that money, as it is now used, is liable to the same increase and diminution of its exchangeable value that the precious metals were then, before they were made into money. But this is overlooking the important step which was made in the affairs of trade when coining took place; from that time the denomination of the coin, expressed in figures, became the measure of relative value, the fluctuations in the value of the precious metals themselves were thenceforward expressed in this way, and trade has gradually become entirely a matter of figures; every transaction in trade is expressed in figures; and although those figures bear the appellation of money, they are not money itself. Much confusion has been introduced into this subject by using the general term, money, for the three distinct ideas of counters or currency, of capital, and of figures.

'Hume's Essay on Money is a remarkable instance of this confusion; and Mr. Harman's evidence before the bullion committee is equally remarkable for keeping the ideas distinct. When I say I have twenty pounds in my pocket, I allude to currency; when I say I am worth a thousand pounds, I allude to capital; when I say my stock of wool has fallen in price five pounds per pack, I allude to figures. It is surprising how little money actually passes in some of the large operations of commerce (those which principally regu-

late prices), and sometimes none at all; as when I sell my wool to a clothier, and take payment in cloth, the arrangement is then entirely in figures; the number of pounds of wool, being multiplied by the price, is charged in my book to his debit, and the number of yards of cloth, being multiplied by its price, is carried to his credit, viz.

Charles Clothier to William Woollseller.
Dr.—To 1200lb. Wool, at 3s. - - 180l.
Cr.—By 144 Yards of Cloth, at 25s. 180l.

'When an actual barter does not specifically take place, still the whole of trade being a general bartering, each transaction partakes circuitously of it, and only a comparatively few counters pass at the final adjustment, the bulk being settled by transfers of figures.

'Thus, in the usual course of trade, a purchaser, on receiving any goods, receives also an account of their amount expressed in figures, which account becomes a matter of future arrangement, according to the credit agreed upon, the vender only expecting that the purchaser is responsible and regular, and that any order or draft he may give on his banker, or acceptance binding himself, will pass in the money market, and be ultimately paid. Now the mode in which this purchaser pays, is this: he passes into the money market (pays in to his bankers) a similar order or draft on a banker, or acceptance of a trader, with which he is provided from some sale he has made, and by the adjustments of the bankers, or money dealers, those drafts or acceptances nearly cancel one another, so that there is not coin or bank-notes pass for more than one tenth to one twentieth of their amount. This is the description of the London arrangements; but nearly every transaction partakes, more or less, of a similar curtailment of the quantity of currency used in trade.

'It appears, from the accounts of the clearing-office of the bankers in Lombard Street, that there is about four and a half millions per day, or one thousand four hundred millions per year, amount of transaction, which are adjusted there without being represented in bank-notes; and by giving each other a day's credit

from day to day, the bankers might settle the whole of the business done there without using any bank-notes at all.

‘What are the real functions of money in these transactions? Are we to consider trade as a general barter and interchange of merchandise, the relative value being expressed in figures, and money being merely the counters by which to adjust balances? Or are we to consider that in each particular transaction the currency (whatever it may be, bank-notes if you will) is measured against the merchandise, and the price adjusted more with relation to the quantity of currency, than the quantity of merchandise? If the committee had consulted practical men on this important part of the subject, they might have thrown some light on it. I have never met with one who could explain how the quantity of currency operated on prices. It is certain that a merchant is not conscious of any other consideration than the relation of the supply to the demand of his merchandise.’

‘Plenty of money, as it affects trade, is more frequently plenty of capital than plenty of currency; that is, it does not depend entirely on the quantity of currency, but does depend entirely on the quantity of capital. If there was perfect unanimity in the world, the whole system of transferring merchandise might be con-

ducted by transfer of figures, or credit, from one to another, without the intervention of any currency, as explained above respecting the clearing-office. *If currency, then, is not essential in trade, is it certain that it regulates prices, or measures value?*

‘The immediate effect of plenty of money is activity in trade and general advance of prices; but then the same plenty of money and high prices draw goods to the market in such quantities as soon to lower the prices again; and whoever has watched trade steadily for any length of time, will have observed it made up of these ebbs and flows.’

‘It seems a tremendous experiment, while so much hangs on the prosperity of trade, totally to disorganize it, and break up that confidence by which it subsists, by telling us we have had false standards of value, variable measures of value, and so forth, and to enact laws in the dark, on the strength of a theory denied by practical men, while you have left unexamined facts which would afford an unerring test; namely, the prices of our exportable commodities as compared with our amount of circulation and rates of foreign exchange.’

I think this gentleman is correct. I wish you would give us your own opinion on the subject.

Yours, &c.

RORY O’ROURKE.

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY BETWEEN LIMERICK AND WATERFORD.

THE public have been so much in the habit of looking upon every work of a public nature in Ireland as a *job*, that we confess we participated so much in this feeling that we have not paid, perhaps, sufficient attention to undertakings calculated to benefit the nation at large; and, to be candid, we should not now have noticed the proposed railway between Limerick and Waterford, had not our attention been drawn to the subject by an article in the ‘Scientific Gazette,’ a weekly publication, edited by Mr. Partington, who is deservedly popular, as a lecturer on science, at several literary and mechanics’ institutions in London. Though well assured of the advantage of such

a communication through the south of Ireland as the proposed railway, we do not profess to be thoroughly informed respecting Mr. Nimmo’s plan, and shall, therefore, adopt the statement given by Mr. Partington:—

‘Mr. Nimmo proposes to make the railway of malleable iron, similar in principle to those already introduced at the public works in Limerick and Courtown. These railways are made of the ordinary flat bar of merchantable iron placed on edge, the materials being intended for sale after the temporary purposes for which they are laid down is served; but, for a permanent railway, Mr. Nimmo says he would have them rolled thicker at top, as well for additional strength

as to lessen the wear of wheels ; and to enable them, if any pilferage be attempted, to be more readily identified. The waggon wheels, used in the works above alluded to, have an inch groove cast in the middle of a flat tier of three inches broad, so that the waggon will travel on the common roads occasionally. Those used in England, on the edge railways, have one projecting flanch on the inside, and are necessarily confined to the railway. The former method seems to possess several advantages ; and in practice we find the friction on the railways to be so small, that when the fall exceeds one inch in a perch, or one in two hundred and fifty-two, the waggons begin to follow the horse with little or no effort on straight roads. The edge railways in use in the north of England seem by various experiments to have a friction — $\frac{1}{175}$ to $\frac{1}{180}$ of the weight ; we may therefore safely consider the friction on good railways as not more than one hundred and fiftieth part of the load.

‘The power of draught which a horse exerts on a road or railway is found to be about 150lbs. when he goes at the rate of two miles per hour. With such a railway as those above mentioned, where the force required to overcome the friction is the one-hundred-and-fiftieth of the weight, such a horse would draw 22,500lbs. or above ten tons, including the carriages. It is well known, that on the best of our common roads the load of a horse never exceeds one ton and a half, or about twenty-two times the power ; so that by a railway the expense of a horse power would be reduced to the one-sixth of what is necessary on the best roads.

‘On a canal a horse would draw double this weight at the same rate of two miles per hour ; but the proportion in greater velocities speedily turns in favour of the railway, on account of the rapidly increasing resistance of the water.

‘The same horse, proceeding at the rate of six English miles per hour, would only be able to exert a force of 60lbs. In a coach or van he will therefore be able to draw without springs 1300lbs. on the best roads, or with springs on ordinary roads,

which in such cases increase his power at least a fourth. But

On the railway he would draw	9000lbs.
On a canal	4968lbs.

So that at this rate of travelling a horse draws nearly twice as much on the railway as he can do on the canal, and seven times as much as on the best roads or with spring carriages.

‘The superiority of the railway over the canal will be still more manifest, if we attempt greater velocities ; for, at nine miles an hour, the horse being supposed only to exert nine pounds in traction, he will draw 1350lbs. on the railway. Such a velocity on a canal may be considered altogether unattainable. But it is by the power of machinery that the greatest advantage is derivable from the railway. The attention of many ingenious men has been lately turned, especially in the coal districts, to the application of the power of steam to the purposes of land carriage ; and engines have been invented capable of travelling along a railway on wheels, and which draw trains of heavy loaded waggons, each containing 53cwt. at the rate of six or seven miles an hour ; nay, some late experiments have shown that this can be done with a speed of even ten or twelve miles an hour upon straight rail-roads.

‘A system has been also introduced, of drawing the loaded waggons along the road by means of a rope wound upon by a steam-engine at each end alternately, and this even so far asunder as two miles.

‘In these cases there seems to be no limit to the velocity that may be obtained, excepting the safety of the goods or passengers ; because, so far as the friction of the road and wheels is concerned, no additional power is required to overcome it with any increase of speed ; and the expenditure of steam or power will be the same, depending only on the number of revolutions of the wheels, or strokes of the engine.

‘Practically, however, it does not seem advisable to carry this mode of transport to a greater degree of velocity than is now adopted for public carriages, viz. six or seven miles an hour. But even at that rate, if the

cost of transport can be brought at all near that by a canal, the benefit to the community must be beyond all doubt.

'The keep of locomotive engines capable of drawing from thirty to forty tons of coal at a time, and about four or five miles per hour is about twenty shillings per day, of which the fuel costs about a third. This includes the attendance, repairs, coals, &c. The only addition to this expense on a rail-road in Ireland would be the freight and carriage of the coal, which to Limerick or Waterford is very low, on account of the great extent of exports; supposing, therefore, that, doubling the cost of coal, we make it 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for twelve hours, or 2*s.* 3*d.* per hour, as the engine will move thirty tons, at least four miles in that time, the actual expense of traction is $\frac{27d}{129}$ or $\frac{9}{10}$ of a farthing per ton per mile. A horse and driver on a canal paid 3*s.* 9*d.* per day, with two navigators at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, or 6*s.* 9*d.* in all, would only convey thirty tons twelve miles in a barge, which is also $\frac{9}{10}$ of a farthing per ton per mile, so that the expense of traction is as great as on the railway, independent of the superiority of the latter in expedition.

'With reference to the utility of the present railway, it may be enough to

state that its object is to establish a more direct, cheap, and expeditious communication than now exists across the south of Ireland, and through that highly productive part of it which has emphatically been named the Golden Vale; to lower the rate of transporting its numerous productions to the sea-port towns; to facilitate the supplies of fuel and imported articles; and, especially, to take advantage of the establishment of steam-packets across the Channel, for sending its produce with dispatch and certainty into the English markets.

'For this purpose it is proposed to lay an iron railway between the cities of Limerick and Waterford by the towns of Tipperary, Caher, Clonmel, and Carrick, and to run branches into the main line from other places of importance.

'The above plan seems well adapted to open a communication between those parts of Ireland in which commercial speculations are most likely to be productive; but we earnestly hope, for the sake of our suffering fellow-subjects in the sister island, that this may be but the commencement of a new era, splendid alike for the employment of British capital, and the general diffusion of knowledge among the people.'

TO THE MEN OF HAYTI, ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

Ye sons of oppression! what notes from afar

Come thrilling along the wide sea?

'Tis the shout of the victors returned from the war,

Proclaiming at length 'Ye are free!'

Dusky sons of the Desert, full well have ye toiled

In the struggles of Liberty's cause;

At your voice, like your own native tempests, recoiled

Every foe to humanity's laws.

Freedom's spirit was fanned by each balm-bringing blast,

That breathed freshness around thy wild shore;

And the memory of sighs, and of sorrows long past,

Was then lost 'mid the waves' circling roar.

Not the rolling tornado that swept o'er the land,

Could extinguish the spirit that rose;

But it flew to the mountain-tops, lonely, yet grand,

And remembered your wrongs and your woes.

Then, oh! cherish the spirit that caused your release

From your lords of a land far remote:—

May the pure spotless standard of freedom ne'er cease

O'er your wave-watered island to float.

United and firm, no more to be slaves
 Be resolved to your last dying breath ;
 And should Freedom's fair form depart o'er the waves,
 Bow not down, but, oh ! follow in death.

Dublin.

PATRICIUS.

STANZAS,

Written during an Excursion to the Neighbourhood of the Salmon-Leap.

FAR, far away from the crowds who court
 The wild rabble's unmeaning stare ;
 Far away from the vain ones who whirl in their sport
 Through Dunleary's dusty air ;
 Away in merriest mood we steer,
 For a breeze more soft, and a sky more clear,
 And a path more fresh and fair ;
 For a walk where we shun the sun's broad glare,
 Where no prying eye on our looks can dwell,
 And no babbler talk of the tales we tell.

It is well in the showy and sunny street
 The glittering groups to see,
 And pleasant upon the road to meet
 With each smiling company ;
 And it is sweet by the broad sea-side
 To mark the course of the coming tide,
 When the waves roll full and free ;
 But the green groves seem more sweet to me,
 Though the gathering dust and the damp sea air,
 And the vain and the idle, be wanting there.

Can that crowded road to the hurrying train
 A pile like Saint Woolstan's show ?
 Or a space like Connolly's old domain,
 With its stream all smooth and slow ?
 Oh ! where may the wearied wanderer call
 For a spot like the Leixlip waterfall,
 With its foam like the untouched snow,
 And its dark rocks rising in many a row ?
 Oh ! where may the loiterer hope to view
 A scene like the scene which we linger through ?

Then rest ye still while the sunlight falls
 In its strength upon the plain,
 Nor heed the admonishing voice that calls
 Your steps to the town again.
 Oh ! who that but once hath wandered here
 Could turn from a spot so sweet, so dear,
 Without one long sigh of pain ?
 To feel that he loved these gay vales in vain,
 To think that their beauty could wither away
 With the sport of an hour and the talk of a day ?



JOSEPH HUME, ESQ. M.P.

Drawn by S. Callerson Smith. — Engraved by R. Cooper.

Published by J. Robins & Co. London & Dublin. Feb'y 1826.

THE DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1826.

PARIS SKETCHES.—NO. II.

WE resume, with great pleasure, M. de Kock's sketches of the popular customs and habits of the French metropolis. Every body who has resided there, for however short a period, must have observed the little sheds in which those industrious artists, who are the amanuenses of the lower orders of the people, ply their trade. It seems that the accomplishments of writing are by no means so common in France as with us. In England there is not a foot-boy who cannot scrawl, nor a house-maid who does not keep up a correspondence with her friends, male or female. In France they are more busily, if not better, employed; and transfer all their epistolary cares to the management of some gifted scribe, whose ready pen is always at their service, and who, for a few sous, will express all the feelings of their hearts in such French, as, if not of the purest sort, is, at least, quite good enough for the purpose. These worthy persons call themselves, appositely enough, 'Public Writers,' and so well is this appellation understood, that there is no danger of their being mistaken for the authors of the political essays which, in France, as well as in England, load the newspapers. This is a convenience which our language does not possess, and the want of which, sometimes, leads into mistakes. A public writer in England means a very different thing from the writer of letters for persons who cannot write for themselves; but the name applies, in point of sense, as well to one as to the other. During the contests to which the disputed election of the celebrated John Wilkes gave rise, a ragged rogue, who had been observed to be very busy in mauling the friends of the ministerial candidate as often as they came in his way, and of contributing very industriously to the noise and confusion which abounded, was, in an unlucky moment, laid

hold of by the peace officers. He was immediately conveyed before a magistrate, and stood there in all the pride of his patriotic rags and filth, while his manifold crimes were detailed. When the long account was ended, the magistrate asked him what he was.

'I am a public writer, your honour,' he replied.

'Pray, for what newspaper do you write?' asked his honour, quite astonished at seeing a man who announced himself by so pompous a title in the decayed condition of the culprit before him.

'For no newspaper at all,' replied the patriot.

'Then how do you mean that you are a public writer?'

'Because, your honour,' said he, 'I writes upon the doors of the hackney coaches, and on all the dead walls, "Wilkes and Liberty!"'

The public writer of Paris is a more respectable and a more useful member of the community to which he belongs; and, as he is described by M. de Kock, he becomes an amusing personage.

I. FOREIGN PUBLIC.

Do you observe that little wooden hut which is pushed about on wheels, by which contrivance the proprietor is enabled to change the place of his abode at will? In the morning he may honour the Chaussée d'Antin with his presence, and in the afternoon may exercise his occupation in the Marais. To-day he may be at one end of the town, and to-morrow at the very opposite extremity. In this ambulatory dwelling place is lodged the Beranger of the faubourgs, the Sevigné of milliners' girls, the Cicero of cook maids, the Plutarch of nursery maids, and the Virgil of house-maids. His real name is Poivre, and his profession that of a public writer. He lives upon the labours of his pen: sometimes he draws upon a petition, and breakfasts upon an assignation:

February, 1826

H



JOSEPH HUME, ESQ. M.P.

Drawn by Nathaniel Smith Engraved by A. Cooper

Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.